

# Genocide Reality - WN Chapter 01-10

## Table of Contents

1. [Chapter 1](#)
2. [Chapter 2](#)
3. [Chapter 3](#)
4. [Chapter 4](#)
5. [Chapter 5](#)
6. [Chapter 6](#)
7. [Chapter 7](#)
8. [Chapter 8](#)
9. [Chapter 9](#)
10. [Chapter 10](#)

# Chapter 1

## Prologue



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I thought it was just an ordinary earthquake at first.  
Then the desks started to rattle and shake violently, and that moment, Literature

teacher Urabe shouted “Everyone, get under the desks!”.

The lights went out and then everything plunged into darkness. The thought that raced through my mind was that even if the lights went out, it shouldn't be this dark, because it was daytime right now.

The time was about 11:20 AM. I can attest to it as I was enjoying reading while bathing in a ray of light that came in from between the curtains at the prime seating position at the left side in the back of the classroom. It was a clear day without a single speck of cloud.

Even if clouds covered the sun or if there was an eclipse, it shouldn't be completely dark. But there was only pitch-black darkness.

*Did it suddenly become night time? But how?*

I tried to re-orient myself, but it was nigh impossible with the earthquake still going on.

It did not feel safe just staying still, but it wasn't safe to move until the intense shaking had stopped. The only thing I could do was to crouch under the desk and wait for this damn earthquake to end.

“Tsk....”

I bit my lower lip. I felt helpless against this immense power that I couldn't do anything about. I could have just skipped the class and not come to something like Modern Literature Class. Why did I even decide to actually attend?

*Ah, I thought it was a good opportunity to read.*

What was in my hand was Hannah Arendt's "Responsibility and Judgement". I planned to read this classic work leisurely this afternoon.

Of course, I was still reading it. Just a couple of pages ahead would have been a section on "Indifference to Evil".... but now wasn't the time to read. Thinking positive thoughts during emergencies like an earthquake, where anything can happen, was a form of avoiding the reality, too.

It was painful to just crouch under the desk in darkness while hoping not to get swept away by everything that was going on. I couldn't help but think that I might die.

I never got to be a somebody and never did anything in my life.

After living my life like flowing water, was this going to be the end? Nobody would criticize me for how I lived, but I still felt angry.

As if responding to my anger, the shaking intensified and the desks creaked even more. Inside the class that was filled with darkness, shouts and screams, there was a sound of something collapsing. It was like the inside of a ship being swept up by a storm. The entire classroom shook violently as if it had been tossed out into the ocean in a typhoon.

If the shaking became more intense, the building would collapse and everybody would be crushed to death. I could only imagine thoughts like that while everything continued to shake around me.

I'm going to die. Everybody's going to die. While anticipating for death, I could feel a laughter swelling from deep inside.

It wasn't a bravado. While I didn't want to die, I thought maybe this kind of accursed death was a fitting end for someone like me. I kept thinking this in the dark.

I really didn't want to die, but if I died, then at least everything annoying in the world would end.

This fear, this anger, this annoyance that was hard to bear, everything would

disappear if he died. I wouldn't need to think about annoying things anymore. It'll definitely be comfortable

What do I care about what happens to the world after I die. Everything was hilarious when thinking from that angle.

*Alright, kill me. Let me rest now.*

The moment I thought that, the shaking stopped as if it had never happened in the first place.

"Haa...."

I let out a deep sigh. I knew something like this would happen.

Life was like that. People who wanted to survive with all their might die for no reason, and those who have no reason to keep on living somehow survive.

Of course, I'm the latter.

Even though I don't even have a special reason to keep on living, I keep clinging

to life at the thought of death.

But so long as I'm alive, I need to keep on living. It's already been 132 years since the god died.<sup>1</sup> There was no salvation in this kind of world.

"Are you alright?" "Why's it so dark? Is someone there?" "Can you turn on the light?"

Several flashes of light peered out from the darkness.

Of course, everybody had a convenient source of light called a smartphone.

I took out my smartphone as well. I unlocked the faintly glowing pattern screen and first thing I checked was... there was no signal. Calling for help wasn't an option. The school was in middle of the city. If there wasn't any signal, did it mean the nearby signals tower was destroyed or damaged in the earthquake?

Or did the classroom move to somewhere a signal couldn't reach? Next, I checked the time. 11:26 AM. The shake, which felt like it had gone on for so long, had only lasted for 5 minutes.

Then the date. That was normal as well. There was nothing like time travelling into Sengoku-era that's so common in manga. No, even if there was a time travel, there wasn't a guarantee that the smartphone calendar would be magically connected to it.

But we were trapped in darkness, so there was a chance that outside might be nighttime. Time travel was just a joke, but I needed to confirm.

I froze after shining the light outside through a window. I opened the window with scratching sound and reached out with my hand. The outside of the window was packed with rocks. The reason why it was so dark was because the windows were blocked by the rocks.

Are we trapped in the classroom? This wasn't some "between rock and a hard place" joke. This wasn't a funny situation. I could almost feel my head draining of blood.

It felt like I was in some Sci-Fi world, but now wasn't the time to avoid reality. So what had caused this? Did some gigantic boulder collide with the school because of the earthquake? If so, the intense shaking that felt as if it was about to blow away the school could be explained.

*But, wait a moment. If that's the case, why was the glass left intact?*

If a gigantic rock had smashed against the school, all the glass would have broken from the shock. It wouldn't be strange if the windowsills had broken as well.



Then did the rocks just sprout from the ground as result of tectonic activity....  
No, that's not quite right.

I touched the rock, and it was cool and smooth as if it had been there for a long time. Upon closer inspection with the smartphone light, it was a wall made with stone bricks in fashion similar to a ruin.

"Oi, I can't turn on the lights. What's going on!"

The student who was clicking away at the light switch shouted and interrupted my thought. I'm the one who should be saying "what's going on!". But in the crappy game called "life" nobody gives out answers for free. I suppose it couldn't be helped.

I turned on my smartphone's flashlight app and looked around me. Because of the intense shaking, desks had fallen over and stationery was scattered everywhere. Even the lockers had fallen over and were spilling out their contents. That must have been the source of the loud noises.

Instinctively, I grabbed a mop from the cleaning supplies that were scattered on the floor. Just in case I needed it.

I sidestepped the teacher who was trying to make sure everybody was safe,

and classmates who were at a loss, and carefully treaded around the debris to exit the classroom.

I felt like there was light coming from the hallway... but lost my words when I saw it. It wasn't the school hallway. It was a stone hallway like an RPG dungeon.

The wall was built with stone blocks. They were just like the stones I had touched earlier. It was smooth and cold to the touch, giving off an atmosphere of a real cave.

The faint glow of light I noticed earlier were torches. The iron torch holders kept the torches in place.

I took one of the torches to take a closer look. The end of the stick was wrapped in some kind of cloth that must have been dipped in something. Judging by the unique smell that didn't seem artificial, I judged it to be something like resin.

Who would.... old iron tools, brand new torches... None of these would be here without someone around to maintain them.

The school hallway turned into some sort of a dungeon or a ruin's hallway. Looking down the tunnel, there were torches at regular intervals. I didn't know who, but somebody took meticulous care into illuminating this area.

“Shinjo-kun....”

“Seki, did you come out, too?”

Seki Midori. He’s a classmate from the same First Grade, F Class and someone I can say is my only friend. He wore the uniform all clasped up until his neck, and had very gender-neutral looking face almost to the point someone could mistake him for a girl. He really was a tidy looking, white skinned and slim bishonen.

Seki had long black hair, that almost looked bluish, extending down to his shoulder. If I look closer at his eyes, his large pupils looked green under the torch light.

But, Midori. He couldn’t have had a name that was more girly. He was usually calm and nice, but got angry every time someone called him by his name.

If someone tried to say “That’s a really girly name....”, he’d probably attack no matter who the opponent was. I didn’t care much about what would happen to my face, but Seki’s slender arm looked like it could break, so I never said anything.

“I saw you go out and followed you, Shinjo-kun!”

“You’ve got keen eyes as usual to spot me in the dark. Seki, let’s take a look around for a bit.”

I walked down the stone tunnel with Seki.

The cold air really made it feel like a dungeon.

There were students from other classes wandering outside as well. I didn’t know any of them. Probably from Class E. I ignored them and continued on.

The First Grade had 6 classes; A, B, C, D, E, F. It was divided by scores from entrance exam.

In terms of breasts, F was the best, but the class Seki and I were in, Class F, was dead last in terms of grades.

Since my highschool was one of the top high schools in the prefecture, not everyone in Class F was stupid either. But there were hierarchies in the school, and Class F was looked down upon.

Class F was made up of delinquents (and even half-assed delinquents who weren’t really troublemakers either), people who are repeating the grade for

some reason, or people who were lazy and didn't put in any effort like me.

Seki had a chronically weak body and didn't feel so good during the class assignment exams. Otherwise, he would have been in higher up classes.

If there was something strange going on, it might be best if only Class F was involved. However, after checking the stone hallway with a torch, all the first grade classes from A to F were present.

I hope this didn't happen to the entire school. I wonder what happened to the 2nd year, 3rd year and Staff Room as well.

I don't think the entire school turned into a dungeon. If that was the case, the classes would have turned into stone as well and not just the hallways. The scale was also too big to be someone's prank. There were too many impossible things from a logical point-of-view.

It would be more natural to think that the classrooms and the rooms in the dungeon swapped place via some sort of teleportation. Teleportation with ESP. Metastasis or transference with magic. They were all un-scientific, but it was the most logical way to think all of this was caused by magic.

If I had to give a scientific explanation, then I must have either been exposed to some kind of gas or was under hypnosis. I also considered the possibility that

this was just a very realistic dream, so I pinched my cheek and picked up a stone, but I could feel the pain from pinching my cheek and the stone felt real.

“Seki, do you feel anything strange about the environment?”

“You’re suspecting that we’re in some sort of virtual reality or under mass hypnosis, right? Can you swing your torch sideways a couple of times?”

I swung the torch sideways while walking.

Seki tilted his head a little bit before smiling.

“From what I can see, the swinging seems real. I’ll throw a rock... Looking at the trajectory, it seems the gravity is roughly the same as earth.”

“How can you figure out the gravity by just throwing a rock!”

“Well, I like trajectories, so I look at them often. I don’t think my guess is wrong.”

..... Liking trajectories. I don’t think I can understand genius people.

Seki was in the school's Science Research Club and qualified for 1st Class Exam (For people who actually knew the average level university and highschool stuff + linear algebra, analysis and statistics) even though he was just in the 1st grade. .

I don't know how great this 1st Class Exam is, but one thing that was for certain was that Seki was a genius who excelled in cold, logical calculations and mathematics. He even qualified for a Math Olympics and managed to get pretty far too. It was strictly limited to numerative stuff, but he was very talented.

"You come up with interesting stuff as always, Seki. I didn't even consider that this might not be earth."

"I imagine about warping to another planet, but since there might be people who are injured, now's not the time."

For me, who likes games, my approach was more in the terms of an RPG, but for Seki, sci-fi seemed to be the analysis point. Rather than thinking that we had gone crazy.... it was better to think this was a sci-fi or fantasy world.

But what was the cause of this phenomenon? And if someone caused it, why? It wasn't something I was too concerned with because dealing with reality was the bigger problem.

I checked each class and after passing Class A, ran into a wall. It seemed to be the end of the tunnel, so when I turned around to go back, I ran into the person I least wanted to meet.

I let out a voice unconsciously.

“Uwaaa....”

Her silhouette was clear against the dimly lit hallway, so I knew who she was immediately

Long and glossy black hair with round eyes and double eyelids. A very organized and dignified face. Her short and slim figure went well with her pleat skirt and white sailor suit.

The girls' uniforms were very visible in the dark, probably because they were white. I tried to pretend I didn't see her and go around, but it was a futile attempt.

“Aah! Wataru-kun! I'm so glad you're ok. You came to check on me first! Ah, as expected of my fated counterpart.”

“Nobody came to see you, virgin whore.”

The virgin whore. First Year, Class A, Vice-Class President, Kujo Kumiko. I'm the only one who calls the girl whose nickname is “ojou-san” a “virgin bitch”. Overall,



Kumiko is ranked number 2 in the grade and is an exemplary student in Class A as well. On top of that, she's also the ojou-san of the well known Kujo family, as well as a beauty.

She was just a first year, but her abilities were coveted and she's even part of the Student Council. She's also famed for her excellent manners, deportment, athleticism and intelligence, as well of being beautiful.

The fact she was petite was a bit of a minus, but her figure was slender and her face rivalled idols. There were many people who like beautiful and pure looking girls like her, which is why she had a lot of fans in the school.

From the outside, she may look like a heroine, but beneath that layer, her real identity was a perverted sow. I learned that Kumiko was just acting like a pure ojou-san after a certain incident, and she started following me around at an increasing rate since then.

The fact Kumiko chased me around everywhere made me glad that she and I were not in the same class. I like pure and beautiful girls, but a clingy bitch wasn't my thing.

"Kumiko really felt scared!"

"Shut up, you rotten whore."

Kumiko hugged me tight despite my protest. I could feel her warmth and softness. She looked slim, but the soft sensation of her breasts proved that she was indeed a girl. Well, it might have been a given, since she was pressing her chest up against my arm.

I could only stand there since I was holding a torch with my right hand and a mop with my left. I stood still because it was dangerous with a torch in my hand, but she was really taking advantage of the situation.

She went ahead and with “Hnnng~” sound resembling a broken vacuum, and edged closer with her lips.

This was the limit to my patience.

“Oi, Kumiko, if you don’t stop joking around.... I’m going to set you on fire.”

“Seriously.... don’t get so mad. It’s only a joke. Even I won’t mess around in situations like this.”

*You were clearly messing around.*

But I guess it couldn’t be helped even if I tell that virgin whore.

“So, Wataru-kun, what do you make of this situation?”

“Right... after the earthquake settled down, we walked the tunnel from Class F to A. The wall’s blocked off here, but there’s a pathway towards the Class F’s direction. That’s the only thing I’m certain of.”

“So that means we can only go that way.”

“Probably. I just want to make sure, but what happened to Class A’s windows?”

“It’s blocked off by rocks”

“Then I guess there’s no way out there.”

The young mistress Kujo was as smart as always. She already took notice of many things, so it was easy to talk to her. She probably thought the same as us and took the nearest opportunity to come out of the classroom.

“Then, let’s go quick!”

“You... Stop hugging my arm and let go. Do you want to die?”

When I spoke with anger, Kumiko pouted her lips and let my arm go

reluctantly. Stop it with this picnic-like attitude, seriously. There were several students who came out of the classroom and were wandering about. It likely meant that windows in other classes were blocked by rocks as well.

It was rare for Kumiko, who cared a great deal about how she appeared in front of others, to openly come onto me in public. Maybe she was just pretending to be like her usual self, but was actually scared.

Still, it was annoying for me to deal with.

Seki was looking at the conversation between me and Kumiko dumbstruck.

It was a huge mistake to run into Kumiko while both my hands were occupied. I shouldn't have checked all the way to Class A. But it was too late to complain now.

As I went back the way I came from, there were several teachers discussing on what to do next. They didn't seem to care that we were doing our own things. They were talking with serious looks on their face, and probably didn't have the time to pay attention to us.

I continued on to the passage in front of Class F.

There was a large plaza made of stone at the end of the tunnel. It wasn't particularly different, but there were more torches lighting the area. I spoke to Seki who was trying to go forward.

"Hold on, Seki. Don't just walk in like that."

"But we're going there anyways."

"I'm just saying be careful. If the path suddenly widens like this, we need to be careful about it."

"You worried about a trap or a monster like in RPG games?"

Seki spoke in joking voice, but didn't smile. His fear was evident from twitching at the corner of his mouth. Traps and monsters, it was all possible in this situation.

"There's three of us, but only one mop and one torch. It's kinda unnerving with bare hands. We should look for something that we can use as weapons before we go any further."

"What are you talking about, Shinjo-kun. You're joking about monsters, right?"

Seki seemed to get scared the more he talked about it. It really couldn't be

helped.

“Seki, you have good eyes. Although you probably won’t be able to do anything about monsters, you can look out for traps, right?”

“Right. I already saw a spot that seems quirky. That little spot right there.”

I could see a line on the stone floor where Seki pointed to. It was on the left side from the centre of the plaza. I never saw it, but Seki managed to find it with just dim light from the torch.

“You and your senses really are reliable, Seki. Alright, let’s poke around that area with the mop.”

“Eh, don’t! It’s dangerous!”

“Wataru-kun, I’ll do it.”

Kumiko grabbed the mop from my hand and poked around the area that looked like a trap. Kumiko was a very decisive girl. There was no opportunity to stop her.

I looked around. Even if the switch for the trap was over there, there was no

guarantee that the trap would be placed only in that area.

There was a good possibility something would happen elsewhere.

While we stood nervously, something made a 'clank' sound.

## Notes

1. Referring to Referring to Fredrick Nietzsche's quote, "God is dead".

[Main Page](#) |

# Chapter 2

## Trap



*Translator: Rockgollem*

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*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

As Kujo Kumiko pressed the floor with the mop, there was a sound of small switch being pressed along with sound of gears turning. The floor split open and a hole opened up.

It was a floor trap.

“Uaaah!”



“What are you getting scared for?”

Seki Midori, who was frightened by the sound suddenly hugged me. He’s a man, he shouldn’t be such a scaredy cat. He blushed and smiled embarrassingly so I smiled as well. Well, I guess it couldn’t be helped since Seki gets scared easily.

“S, sorry. But it doesn't look like a particularly dangerous trap.”

“No, it is a dangerous trap. Floor traps are deadly if you underestimate them.”

I stood in front of Kumiko and decided to investigate the trap. I peered in with a torch and figured it was roughly two or three meters deep. The hole didn’t seem to have any walls inside of it. Perhaps there was a tunnel that this trap led to.

“It seems like going down isn't an option.”

I nodded at Kumiko.

Even if we decided to take the risk and jump down, there was no way to get back up. Plus, we didn’t know what sorts of other traps were waiting below. It

was too risky.

“It’s too big of a risk to go down without a rope. Plus, if we landed on a pile of rubble, we’d sprain our ankles or dislocate something. Especially in situations like this, when we don’t know if any help was on its way, a leg injury could be a death sentence. This really is a sinister trap.”

Usually, traps are associated with stupid laughter after celebrities fall into them on variety shows. But traps were originally designed to catch animals. From hunting mammoths in prehistoric times, to the more modern era in Vietnam, where traps were an effective and simple way to kill an enemy.

Thus, the person who set this trap really intended to kill.

“Kumiko, be careful. The situation is more dangerous than I thought.”

“If it’s for Wataru-kun, I don’t mind risking my life.”

This *extremely hilarious* woman was saying something *extremely hilarious*. So I decided to give an *extremely hilarious* answer back.

“Ha! Then Kumiko can become my human shield and die.”

“Hey, you’re supposed to stop me. Even if you tried to hide your embarrassment, telling me to die is too much...”

Seki chided Kumiko, who had a flabbergasted expression.

“Well, it can’t be helped since Shinjo-kun is like that.”

“Yea, that’s how Wataru-kun is. I was wrong to expect him to say “I’ll protect you!” like a man with door-in-the-face technique.”

*What’s this? When did you guys get so close? You guys seem strangely in tune. I don’t like it.*

Just as I tried to speak to convey my displeasure at the two who were shrugging with secretive smile, a rambunctious and carefree group of people came up behind us.

“Oh-It’s Kumiko-chan!”

“Thank goodness. Kujo Kumiko-kun, you were here.”

It seemed like a group from Class A. Even though I never bothered to memorize anyone outside my own class, I recognized the guy who seemed to be the centre

of that group. Excluding us, for them to analyze the situation and get this far before the teachers, they truly seem like a smart bunch.

“Oh my, you guys are here too!”

Kumiko already returned to her calm and exemplary student demeanor when she replied to them.

Also, the tall and handsome guy who called Kumiko “Kujo Kumiko-kun” was one of the top students, Nanami Shuichi.

He’s rich, good looking, and ranked first place in the grade. And despite being in the first year, he was a starter in the Basketball Club. I could concede up until that point. However, he caught the eyes of the Student Council President and was appointed as the Vice-President. Even during school events, he showed his leadership abilities. He was someone who didn’t seem real and would only appear in something like shoujo mangas.

Since he has such high specs as a human being, if you were wondering if he had many girlfriends or received many confessions, the truth was that he didn’t get many of them at all. He’s like a pie in the sky. Only those who were extremely confident in themselves would try to go for him. For example, the other student who was also in the Student Council despite being in the first grade.

I remembered that and glanced at Kumiko, but she coldly ignored me. It was

probably something she didn't want to remember, but for me, her lack of reaction made it boring.

Either way, Nanami Shuichi was a boy who was better than others. A natural and gifted leader who leads students better than any teachers. Because he was so noticeable, even though I'm not interested in others, I remembered his full name.

"It's a relief. I was worried because you weren't in the classroom. Ara, isn't that Class F's Shinjo Wataru-kun and Seki Midori-kun?"

"Hello. It's an honour for Vice-President Nanami to know someone like me."

This is the first time I talked directly to him. I was just an ordinary student in Class F and not some exemplary student like him. So it was really strange for someone like Nanami Shuichi to know my name.

"Well, since I'm in the Student Council, I've memorized everyone's name and face. Of course, even if I wasn't in the council, I would still learn about everyone because we're all comrades in the school."

His refreshing and straight tone honestly made it sound like he was twisting his words. Seki looked happy that someone famous was talking to us, but I personally don't like Vice-President Nanami.

He's such a model student that it seemed suspicious. Even if he's not like that whore Kumiko, and his inside and outside was the same, he was the type of person I didn't want to be comrades with. Well, even if I did say negative things about him, that can become problematic on its own, so I won't do anything about it.

"That's that, but this floor trap, just who made something so dangerous...?"

"Vice-President Nanami, there's traps all around here. So it's best not to move around too much."

I warned him and what happened later would not be my problem.

I gently tugged Seki's hand and left the place.

"What is it, Shinjo-kun?"

"Come back to the tunnel quietly."

I directed Seki with a small voice and Kumiko followed silently as well. The Class

A group was over there and she could have stuck with them.... but oh well.

That place was dangerous. There was no way there would only be one trap. The Class A group that Nanami led, I didn't care if they were smart or not, were too careless.

It was a trap that could easily kill. If we prowled around there any more, we were bound to fall into one. Since I already warned them, if somebody gets killed after, it would be their own fault.

We'll thank their sacrifice and not fall into the trap they fell into. Then immediately, something clacked and a door appeared on the wall to the right.

Was that a trap or a hidden passage?

I had to think for a moment before confirming that it was indeed a trap.

From inside the wall, a monster that looked like a pig-faced human charged out.

It was armed.

“Oi! What’s that!?”

“I don’t know! Let’s run!”

I sincerely hoped it wasn’t some pervert with a pig mask. No... Even if it was a pervert, now was not the time to care. There was no way that the creature approaching with a dull gleaming axe, a battle axe, in hand was friendly.

If this was indeed an RPG dungeon, that would be a monster called an “orc”. I could hear the screams from behind, but we ignored them and ran with all our might.

I had no desire to fight an opponent with a bladed weapon while we didn’t have proper weaponry at all. Also, since we knew nothing about how strong it was, fighting was not an option.

“Uwaaaaaaa! It’s scary! Shinjo-kun, what’s that!”

“Shut up and keep running!”

Seki was shouting while crying. I thought it was pathetic as a man, or was he the normal one. Compared to Kumiko, who was a girl and running ahead of us, Seki was definitely the weird one.



I was glad she wasn't one of the crying girls, but she muttered something as she ran.

"Orcs... Could they be the same as the ones from game apps?"

"Kumiko, I never knew you had game apps on your smartphone."

It was something I didn't expect from such an exemplary student. It was all good and well that we managed to run away, but we were reaching the end of the tunnel. The only weapons in our hands were the torch in mine and the mop in Kumiko's.

"Even if we keep running, we're going to run out of room"

"Do you have any idea on how to kill them?" Kumiko asked.

*Since we outnumbered those things, maybe we could do something.*

"I saw three of those pig faced things and two small green things with horns on their head like an oni."

“Seki, you were so scared... but you still saw everything, good work. If you don’t have a weapon, pick up those rocks.”

It was better to have rocks to throw than to not have them. Looking closer at the clean floor, there were rocks everywhere on the sides. They were probably for throwing.

If Seki was right, then the enemies would be three orcs and two goblins. Knowing how many enemies there were was important. I should probably look carefully if there’s a next time.

We were already past half the classes and the monsters didn’t seem to be chasing us. Maybe we needed to get help from the other students.

If we estimated there were 30 students per class, there were total of 180 people plus 6 teachers. It was an overwhelming number compared to the opponents.

If everyone fought together, it wouldn’t be a problem, but all the students were split across the hallway and classes. It was hard to imagine them working together to fight. As a matter of fact, it may even cause a panic.

“Well, the basics would be to attack them while they’re occupied with someone else...”

“Everyone, help! There’s something with a weapon coming to attack!”

Nanami Shuichi ran in while carrying a male student who was injured. To carry someone else while running away in that situation, Nanami sure was something completely different. He should rename himself to Cheat-mi kun.

If he was so smart, he should have expected for that kind of situation to happen and had gone prepared with weapons and everything though... Well, nobody with common sense would think that monsters would pop out either. Even I didn’t think that would be the case until they actually popped out.

“Alright, you can count on me!”

A gigantic boy ran over with a mop to respond to Nanami. He was someone famous in the first year as well. What was his face —

Gigantic stature, pony tail, and eyes like an old samurai. He was from the Kendo club and even received an award in the school assembly. He was also infamous for winning the local championship and defeating the seniors in the club who were picking a fight. What was his name...?

“I’ll trust you with it, Mikami Naotsugu-kun.”

“You can leave it to me, vice-president.”

He was called by a rather cheesy nickname: “The Invincible Mikami”. I remember him being in Class C. I don’t know why, but Nanami Shuichi conveniently called everyone by their full name.

“What are you smiling at, Wataru-kun?”

“Shut up, virgin slut. We’re going to be helping Mikami, too.”

It was an enemy we needed to defeat inevitably. If someone strong was going to take point, we had ways to fight back. Mikami from Kendo club thrust the tip of the mop towards the orc at the front of the group that was chasing us.

The orc collapsed backwards while making a sound like egg being crushed. It looked like it would hurt just from the glance.



The orc's esophagus was crushed in a flash of moment. Probably an instant kill. Wasn't thrusting banned in high school clubs? As expected of the "Invincible".

The enemy was divided. They started to scatter and some even began running away. I don't know who it was from Class A that died, but their sacrifice won't be in vain.

I burnt the face of a child sized goblin with my torch. All it wielded was a short sword and its movement was slow, as if it was tired from running after us.

The goblin's face burned with sizzling sound and it backed off while screeching "Keeek!". I hit it once more with the torch and it dropped its sword.

Afterwards, I swept at its short legs and stomped on the head after it fell. I continued stomping away until it stopped moving.

They aren't as strong as I thought. I picked up the short sword and stabbed the goblin's chest. Most creatures would die from this.

It was a disgusting sensation to kill something with my own hands and the school uniform was dirty with green blood.

"Shinjo-kun, you're really good at killing..."

"Seki, throw the rocks or something!"

Even though I said that, I knew it was hard to ask a highschool student to just participate in battle. If you weren't used to fighting, it was something very difficult.

But this was how we won the first battle. I picked up the battle axe from the orc Mikami killed, and offered it to him but he refused.

“I’d rather use something that I’m used to.”

“Alright, then I’ll keep it.”

The battleaxe became mine because Mikami didn’t want it. Considering the battles that would come ahead, I didn’t have the luxury of giving it away.

“Seki, use the torch! You can scare those goblins with torch!”

“Alright.”

While I was talking, Kumiko already killed one of the goblins with a mop. I thought I was good at things like this, but Mikami Natsuo and Kujo Kumiko handled the situation beyond the level of an ordinary highschool student.

There were surprisingly many people who were willing to kill.

The two orcs arrived later than the others.

Vice President Nanami’s comrades brought over bunch of mops so we attacked en mass to defeat the monsters. Thus we took down the first 5

monsters. I guess only way we can win for now is with numbers.

From the first encounter, 2 students from Class A died and 1 received serious injury to his shoulder. The injured one would most likely die without any help.

“Everyone, let’s go forward while watching for any traps.”

On Nanami Shuichi’s words, several volunteers were selected to form the scouts. I guess this is what people call charisma. Even the teachers who should be leading were counting on Nanami.

I had a battleaxe in my hands, so I couldn’t avoid being part of the advance group. Vice President Nanami also followed behind.

I really didn’t like acting in a group nor wanted to help out, but I tagged along. It was safe to move as a group and I didn’t have the confidence to go solo just yet.

Should I say, a Déjà vu...

This dungeon layout... I think I saw it somewhere before...

“Seki, you can wait with the teachers in the rear group.”



“If Shinjo-kun is going, I can’t help but follow along as well....”

Is that right.

He may be shaking every time traps activated, but I was glad that I’m his friend.

“Take this for self-defence.”

“Ok. Urgh, it’s a bit gross.”

Seki frowned at the short sword that was dyed in green goblin blood. I’m sorry, but there wasn’t any place to clean it. Still, it was better to have a weapon than not to have one.

Thought best case would be not needing to use it at all. I didn’t care about anyone else, but since I had a battleaxe, I resolved to at least protect Seki.

“Kujo, you’re coming with us....” “That’s good. I was nervous with just us!”  
“Let’s work hard together.”

The three girls who seemed to have joined Vice President Nanami's scout group talked to me all at once. We could all die at any moment, but they seemed oblivious to the fact.

It was a bit difficult to have so many girls come around at once, though they came this way after seeing Kumiko.

"They're all in Class A with me. The one with glasses, long hair and unnecessarily large boobs is Sashiki Ena, the active girl with brown hair is Matou Aya, and the clam short bob cut girl is Tachibana Mio. You don't need to get friendly with them, Wataru-kun."

Kumiko whispered into my ear while edging closer to me. She was way too close.

I understood everything she said, but what kind of description was "unnecessarily large boobs"? Well, Kumiko was flat, so I could see where she was coming from.

Even though I didn't say it outloud, I could feel her glare burning a hole on my face.

*Yea, yea, she probably wanted to say explain that it's not flat, but just really small.*

I personally didn't really care much about how big the breasts of some girl I didn't know about nor their name. I wasn't interested in making any friends with other students in this strange place anyways.

The monsters in that trap were not a joke. In a situation when anyone could die at any moment, it was dangerous to be tagging around with more and more friends.

I didn't want to form any bond with others when I could barely defend myself. So towards the group of girls who were giving me a half-assed greeting, I replied half-assedly myself.

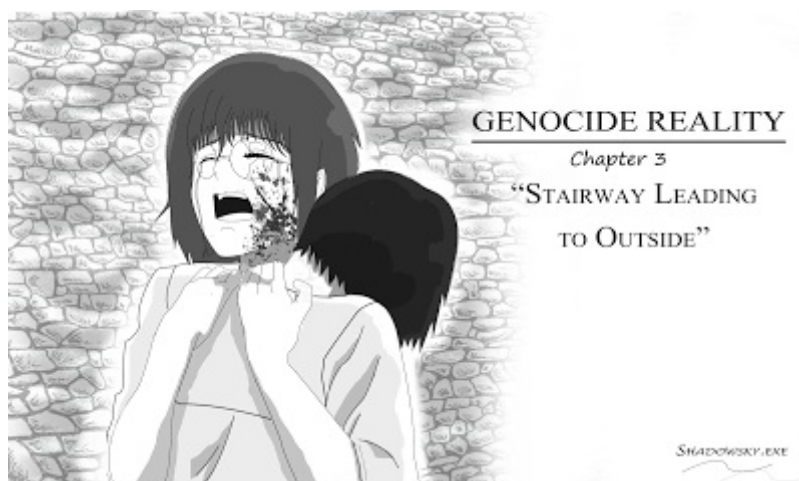
This was the reality.

I couldn't afford to look out for girls I barely knew.

| [Main Page](#) |

# Chapter 3

## Stairway Leading to Outside



*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

“Aya-chan~~ I don’t want to do this anymore!”

It was difficult to breath with the stench of death around us.

Crying on the ground in front of me was a schoolgirl with blood all over her sailor uniform.

Her face was splattered with blood and her glasses were cracked. The schoolgirl covered in blood hugged the lifeless body of her friend who was alive just moments ago while calling out her name.

And in moments, it turned into a futile scream.

It was like the end of the world. I averted my eyes, but just listening to her anguished voice made me feel depressed as well. That active girl with brown hair was probably Matou Aya.

Maybe she went forward to try to protect her friends. But she took a direct hit from an arrow to her chest. I was close by her, so I could almost hear the skull crunching.

The brown haired girl who had a large arrow pierced through her cheek breathed making a sound like air flowing through a flute, but died soon after. In situations like this, good people who try to save others seem to die first.

It may have been lucky that she didn't die instantaneously after the arrow pierced her chesthead, but if there was no way to save her, she might as well have died immediately. For us, who didn't have any doctors or medical supplies, there was no way to save the people who were heavily injured.

I had a scary thought that maybe Sakamoto Ryouma, who died from a cut to the head, felt this way as well. If a pink mixture of brain and blood came out, there was no hope for survival.

I never expected to see such sad sights unfold right in front of me with my very own eyes. I can see a person dying right in front of me, but it doesn't feel real. It felt like I was watching myself and them from somewhere far away.

Everything looked like someone else's problems... No, I shook my head. That kind of mindset was no good at all. Wake up. You're going to get dissociative disorder if you go on like this.

Even a bystander like me was trying to avoid reality. I suppose a half-crazed and crying girl with dishevelled hair who had just lost a friend couldn't help it either.

No, I had acted coldly from the start and tried not to get involved with them. Unlike them, I chose not to be friendly to anyone because I knew that there would be sacrifices in the future.

Just trying to survive was a chore.

I couldn't afford to think about others either.

But this group's leader, Nanashi Shuichi's charisma shone even brighter despite tragedies like these. He walked over to us, took off his uniform jacket and covered Aya's corpse with it.

He pulled the blood spattered friend of that girl away from the corpse and hugged her. Nanami teared up as he hugged the despairing girl and squeezed out his voice.

“Sashiki Ena-san, everybody here is feeling the loss as well, but, you need to keep moving forward and survive. Live to the fullest for Matou Aya-san, who died protecting you. Let’s go forward together and we’ll soon reach a safe place. We can’t give up!”

Nanami was charismatic enough to motivate the girl who had just lost her friend to not lose hope and keep going forward. I could almost feel myself getting worked up as well while hearing him say “You need to keep on living!” while at the same time making some half-crying sound and holding Ena’s hands.

Sashiki Ena, who was filled with despair just moments ago, stood up with those words of encouragement, and just like Nanami said, tried to walk forward.

What kind of mind control magic is this. She swallowed everything Nanami had said! That kind of attitude was dangerous as well. In my mind, I just said ‘what a load of shit’.

It was hard for someone like me who was trying my best not to get swept up in anything, but I suppose it was too much for a girl who just lost her friend in a middle of dire crisis like this. Everyone moved according to what Nanami said.

On Nanami Shuichi's words alone, 60 out of 180 students voluntarily joined this extremely dangerous and battle-oriented group. This was an extremely high percentage. Plus, even a large number of girls who normally wouldn't want to do something like this were mixed in.

They say people show their true colours in times of crisis, but Nanami's charisma that brought people together was beyond words. He might as well have a special skill called "Sympathy".

Though most of the female students who joined the group, were the ones who hung around him. They were called "Nanami Girls".

There were many girls who couldn't confess to the overwhelmingly superior vice-president Nanami, and formed a fanclub saying that he belonged to everyone. Still, they were absorbed so deep into him, they voluntarily joined this death march. Those girls had amazing guts.

Excluding myself and the 60 students in the battle group, roughly 120 students and teachers remained in the classrooms. Another 60 students moved without any sense of cohesion and wandered on their own. Right now, there were three groups: Nanami's battle group, those waiting with the teachers and those scattered on their own.

The casualties of the battle group, including Matou Aya who just died, were



six. Furthermore, those injured so heavily that they couldn't go any further, were four. Countless had minor injuries. All of the students who died from the arrows that came flying after they had stepped on a trap or roasted from a fireball had all been girls.

The ones who walked at the front of the battle group were the female students who didn't seem to be very strong. If this was what the leader of battle group, Nanami Shuichi, did intentionally, he was a great manipulator. But he wasn't the one responsible.

The one who planned this was the glasses guy close to Nanami Shuichi, Jinguchi Tsukasa. I wanted to nickname him "Deceitful Four-Eyes" since long ago, but he had finally shown his true colours.

His combed over hair that was perfectly split at a 7:3 ratio, high prescription glasses with a silver frame, and white gloves which came from who knows where. The fact his gloves were still white was evidence that he was making the others do the dirty work.

He was ranked 3rd in the first years' cumulative grades and he was part of the Student Council's Enforcement Group. He had always stuck close to Nanami, and right now was no different.

He was short, and wasn't as handsome as Nanami, but he was still fairly decent looking. His expressions were soft and he always smiled warmly. Just from how he spoke and acted, people would think he's a regular model student, but in

reality he was rotten to the very core. His leering was not because he was squinting due to bad eyesight, but because of his personality.

To put it nicely, he was a Planner, Thinker or Strategist. In reality, Jinguchi was a sucker fish that used vice-president Nanami's charisma to steal everything good for himself behind Nanami's back.

The very fact he didn't even blink despite people dying in front of him made me wonder if he wasn't just cold but a psychopath. Whoever said that in times of crisis, people show their true colour couldn't have been more right.

That scheming four-eyes, Jinguchi, had many bad rumours about him. Some said that he cornered the student he didn't like into expulsion, while others said that he took advantage of some of the girls around Nanami.

There wasn't any evidence, but there's a saying that a chimney without fire wouldn't have smoke coming out of it. It sounded exactly like something that scheming four-eyes would do. The only thing that Jinguchi did was take in the situations around him and lick his lips.

In his cold and calculating sight, there were only those who were useful to him and those who weren't. There was no way I would miss him placing the weaker students at the front as a meatshield for any traps.

However, I couldn't say anything because it wasn't a bad decision either. In emergencies like this, those kind of decisions were inevitable. So far, the group was fine, so I couldn't do anything about it. Looking at it positively, he was skilled in personnel management, and looking negatively, he was cruel.

A passionate leader and scheming four-eyes. It was a perfect combination to control a group, but I didn't want to get involved in any of that.

"Hey, that's an obvious trap! Look around your feet carefully and avoid them."

"Ah! I'm sorry."

There was a female student who was about to walk into a danger. I just couldn't let her die and warned her. Somehow, Jinguchi, who was in the middle of the group, keeping an eye on everyone, spoke to me in his small, but resonating voice.

"Shinjo-kun, don't go too far forward. Your role is to stand ready for monsters."

"But this is..."

“I was entrusted with distributing the roles. Are you going to be the one standing in the front instead of her?”

“Kuk....”

“Don’t make that kind of expression, I’m joking. It’ll go smoothly if everybody fulfills their role. If you think you can give commands better than me, I’m open to switching roles.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t think I can do that.”

I wasn’t such a generous guy as to voluntarily step into a dangerous role and step on a trap and knew I couldn’t take over in place of Jinguchi as well. Whipped by his cold stare, I pleaded with the girls standing in the front with torches, who were essentially tasked with stepping on traps, to “Take a look around your feet to see if there’s something strange. Your life depends on it.” and hung back.

There wasn’t anything more I could do. It was just as Jinguchi had said, I didn’t want to risk myself for someone I didn’t even know.

It seems I was to be part of the group fighting monsters at the back with Kujo Kumiko and Seki, so it didn’t seem we were expendable yet. I don’t think he would pay much attention to someone from Class F, but it would be annoying if that scheming four-eyes marked me out. I decided I would lay low.

Ah, damn it!

I told that girl it was dangerous, but that careless girl was impaled at the stomach with a blade coming out the floor. It might not have been immediate death, but it was only a matter of time.

The girl who was caught by the trap was screaming in pain and threw up something like blood and the contents of her stomach, but others only tried to avoid her instead of helping. It was dangerous to touch the blades in that trap and they were now exhausted from all of the previous traps. It was clear in their eyes that they knew it was too late for her even if they tried to help her.

It was impossible to survive if you became heavily injured. Knowing you might be next, the safety of others was already included in thought process. This group's compassion had already dried up. Everyone simply dragged their tired legs and walked forward in a search of a safe route without traps.

I kept trying to convince myself that what the Nanami and Jinguchi combo was doing wasn't a bad decision. Even if there were some casualties, we would all die unless we continued forward. If the command of the group were to fall to me, maybe we could go forward with fewer casualties... However I didn't have the courage to say that.

In situations like this, where a single wrong step could mean death from a trap or a monster, the sheer fact this amount of people were working together as a group was only possible due to Nanami's charisma. Every time a girl or boy who was deemed useless got sent forward and was killed by a booby trap, I thought it was a distasteful method, but I didn't want to be the one who complains all the time. I simply held it in.

Nanami, who was keeping the group together, and Jinguchi, who was commanding everyone at the centre, were all doing the right things for the group.

Forward, let's go forward, let's all go forward. If we stop, it was only going to get worse and the casualties would continue to increase.

The only possibility was to go forward despite the dangers.

Plus, if someone needed to be expendable, using the weak ones who were no good for combat was not wrong in theory either....

But the strangest thing was that those students who didn't have an inkling of courage in their heart all went forward to die whenever Nanami or Jinguchi told them to. If it was me, I would have run away the moment they told me to stand at the front.

Don't they understand the danger they're in right now? Or perhaps they truly didn't understand. That sent a chill down my back.

Perhaps my assessment that he was using the useless ones as expendables wasn't wrong. Was Jinguchi sending the ones that were clueless and would die anyways to the front on purpose? For the weak hearted students, it might be easier to act as ordered than to defy the group in this stressful situation.

Manipulating group dynamics like this to send people to death, I could almost feel the deceptiveness of people like Mao Zedong or Pol Pot leading a group of guerillas. It made me afraid whether those two who were controlling the group were really highschool students.

They were Machiavellian and not the best, but next to the best choice. Still, their method was so political, I truly despised them. Even if they were right, there was no way to wash this bad taste from my mouth.

I probably wasn't the only one who thought this way. But there wasn't a better alternative so far. The others were probably keeping quiet because they didn't have a better plan in their minds.

"Seki, did you memorize the path we have taken and the locations of the traps?"

“Yea, I’ve remembered it all.”

I walked beside Seki and confirmed with him. Smartphones would be useless without electricity soon and I didn’t bring a notepad either, there was only memorization.

“There’s another monster.”

“I don’t want to fight anymore...”

Despite letting out a weak and tear-filled voice, Seki fought on with his knife. He was more courageous than I gave him credit for. Don’t worry, I’ll take care of your share of monsters. I managed to get my hands on a pretty useful weapon in the form of a battle axe. I pumped myself up to swing my arms and cut the pig faced monster.

I slashed at the pig’s shoulder and its thick veins spurted blood. I slashed horizontally at the screaming orc that was standing still like an idiot. Its guts spilled out and the screaming orc collapsed in its own pool of blood.

The pig’s blood was red, so it was hard to bear, but I delivered a blow to its head just in case. Its head exploded and pink mixture of fat, blood and brain became visible. The pig’s blood was still better than a goblin’s sticky green blood.



I started getting used to killing creatures in shape of humans. I didn't feel anything about killing something with my own hands nor the screams of the monsters that I killed. It was a simple slaughter. I couldn't feel anything about people dying in front of me, so there was no hesitation in killing the pigs either.

Kumiko tied a short sword to the end of her mop and was using it as a spear. She was stabbing away at the orcs and goblins headed this way. She wasn't fighting for anyone but her comrades. It was a good fighting strategy.

"It's about time they stopped coming."

"Kumiko, now's not the time for jokes."

"I'm alright, but this spear won't hold out."

"If it's the short sword at the tip, you can just replace it with new one."

Since goblins dropped it, she could just grab one off the ground.

"No, it's the binding that's the problem."

“Ah, like I thought.”

Kumiko used the fabric from ribbons that girls used to tie their hair back to help make the spear. It had low durability despite her careful usage and there was no replacement if it broke.

“Can’t you use something other than a spear?”

“Not like I can’t use it, but nothing too heavy.”

For weapons, the humanoid monsters dropped them for free, but most of them were hunks of metal with rusted and chipped blades that required a considerable amount strength to actually cut anything. Most of them were too cumbersome of a weapon for someone slender like Kumiko.

“It would’ve been better if treasure chests had useful weapons inside them. Well, if it’s you Kumiko, you should ask vice-president Nanami that you’re so buddy-buddy with.”

“Stop it. Treasure chests are too dangerous.”

There were occasionally treasure chests while we were traversing the dungeon. They occasionally contained weapons, but contained gold coins or jewelry more often.

Diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald, topaz, peridot, lapis lazuli.... For girls, who really liked shiny stuff, they ran towards the treasure chests as if it was a race, but there were traps there as well.

The girl who carelessly opened a treasure chest said “ouch!” and fell on her butt, only to never stand up again. She lost her consciousness and soon passed away with a high fever. I suspected that she was stabbed with some sort of poisonous needle that came out the moment she opened the chest.

The heavily injured or poisoned ones were annoying because it took manpower to take care of them too. I wanted to say it might be better to die, but this was the reality we faced now.

From then on, we didn't open the treasure chests and simply moved on. Gold and precious jewelry was desirable, but was worth nothing compared to a life.

“Kumiko, don't get too close to that rat.”

“Eh, it's just a rat. I'm not scared of something like a ra... kyaa!!”

The rat dived towards Kumiko, bloated its body and exploded with a loud noise. One could think it was just a regular fat rat living in the underground labyrinth but I never expected it to be just a regular rat.

“It’s a monster called “Exploding Rat”. I remember seeing it in a game I can’t remember. It doesn’t deal high damage on its own, but commits suicide to scare people into accidentally stepping on a trap or something.”

“It’s the worst kind of creature.”

Kumiko, who was covered with chunks of meat and innards from the exploding rat, wiped her face with disgusted expression. At a glance, it was just a harmless rat that exploded in front of your face and didn’t do anything else, but the fact even small animals were coming at us with such annoying attacks sapped everyone’s mental strength.

The way the traps were positioned and the patterns of appearing monsters. I felt a déjà vu. I wondered where I had seen it before, but a male student to the front made a loud noise.

I wondered if another one lost his mind, but thankfully that wasn’t the case.

“Of course! This is the world of “Geno-Real”!”

A slightly chubby student with shaggy hair and a potato like face made a sharp sound while celebrating like a madman. I breathed in deeply at the words of that student, who had been deemed useless and was being used as meat shield for the traps along with the weak girls.

Is that so. Geno-Real....

*Was this Genocide Reality's dungeon?*

I was suspicious of that shaggy student because he was saying something like "Status open!" a while back.... but it seems he was a gamer like me.

He was trying to open a status window in case this was a game world.

That was well and good, but to notice that this was similar to Geno-Real in situations like this. Unlike his appearance, he was pretty smart. He was someone to take note of.

"Everyone listen to me, there's the 'Door to Hell'". This world is the world of the game called 'Genocide Reality'!"

That shaggy hair was explaining away, but people around him were ignoring as if they thought he was crazy. I suppose that was to be expected since high school students these days wouldn't know of an old game like Genocide Reality.

Even if he tried to grab everyone's attention, it was obvious that nobody would listen to him. There was a girl who suddenly started laughing and had committed suicide by jumping into a false floor trap , so they all probably thought he went cuck-coo.

I moved up a bit forward to take a look at the "Door to Hell" that shaggy hair pointed at. I looked at the large fissure carefully with a torch and noticed an iron plate with "Entrance to Tartarus" written on top of it.

*It seems like it's the real deal, though I'd still wait a bit more just to make sure....*

I put on an inconspicuous expression so others wouldn't notice and let out a deep sigh. "Entrance to Tartarus" also known as "Hell" was the very first of Genocide Reality's trap.

It might be a stretch to call it a trap because it looks like just a large fissure in the ground, but if you fell in here, it led straight to 10th Floor. It was probably made with the mythology that you would fall for 10 days to reach the bottom of Tartarus, but it was still unreasonable.

At the bottom of the hell, there was fall damage dampening system, so you wouldn't die from falling. For experienced players, it was a convenient way to get to the 10th floor, but newbies would be attacked by stronger monsters and die.

Since it was a game, there were a lot of people who had died to it. It was a trap for idiots who wanted to fall into a trap or to mercilessly kill off newbies.

"Please believe me. There's a stairway to the surface ahead of us. It's a safe zone there. I know all about it!"

Putting the raving shaggy hair to a side of my mind, I sighed again while looking at the hole leading to hell. I definitely realized I've seen the traps somewhere. It was my lack of attention that I didn't notice earlier.

But seriously, who would believe that they're in a game world. Game world, game world.... I repeated it again and again, but it wasn't realistic. But considering everything matched up to this point, it was logical to assume that this was the case. The shaggy hair was probably right.

I murmured "Status open" as well.

Nothing came out... Well, I guess that was to be expected. Geno-Real was a

game that didn't have quantifiably measurable status.

Around 1987, Genocide Reality was announced in the US, and it was a revolutionary real-time 3D dungeon RPG that broke the conventions of an RPG. Just like the title, Geno-Real emphasized "reality". So there was no information like a status bar or levels displayed for the character.

If you wanted to know your status, you needed to go to the temple in the city on the surface. Even then, the only thing you would find out was your job and proficiency rankings in the Warrior, Acrobat, Monk and Mage categories.

Since it was a game, there would be quantifiable data somewhere, but to keep a sense of realism, most of information on the character couldn't be checked. Instead, there were gauges showing health, stamina, mana, hunger, thirst and tiredness.

It was straight forward. If you didn't eat, drink or sleep, your stamina bar would drop, which would lead to your health bar dropping and you would eventually die. It was probably intentional, but the system worked in real time and didn't stop. Players would quite literally live, adventure and die in the game.

It was a revolutionary system at the time and could be referred to as the most realistic game. It saw huge success in America and across the world. They began to make sequels of Genocide Reality and soon, there was even a MMO of it.



It left an immortal achievement in the gaming industry, but there was one country it didn't sell well despite the worldwide boom.

It was Japan.

Of course, Geno-Real was rated highly in Japan as well and there were several games that were translated to Japanese. But just like its name "Genocide", it was abnormally difficult. In other words, it was a game that you needed to die repeatedly as you played. It was a dungeon filled with unreasonable hordes of monsters that came after you and traps that you would die to if it was the first time that you encountered it.

It was not to say that players elsewhere were particularly better, but in North America, there was a culture that didn't mind using cheats. If you died, you could reset the game before it autosaved and play from the save point again, or even hack the system to weaken the mobs and boost the player stats. For North Americans, there were many players who played with cheats like that.

There were also versions with lowered difficulty, so many players worldwide enjoyed Geno-Real. There were probably not as many masochistic gamers who played it properly to the end.

But games are serious in Japan. A game so insanely difficult that couldn't be cleared via ordinary means became a shit game in Japan.

Plus, even though it was world famous, it was still an old game. Thus, it meant unless you were an extreme gaming otaku like me or that shaggy hair, there was nobody here who would know about Geno-Real.

“Should I stay quiet...”

“Is there a problem?”

I had an inconspicuous face on, but as if feeling something was off from the way I was looking at the Hell, Seki came up to me.

He was sharp as always.

For a moment, I thought about spilling the beans to my only friend, but I decided against it. There’s a saying that “words are the source of a disaster”. Nothing would change with Seki knowing about it and it might even put him in a dangerous spot.

It wasn’t wise to tell everyone it’s Geno-Real like that shaggy hair (I should find out what his name was later). Showing off knowledge could involve you into something annoying. Since there are multiple players, this wasn’t the offline version.

There were multiple people here. Perhaps the rules of the MMO version applied here. If so, there were rare items that were limited to the person who found it.

I didn't want to share this precious information with others yet. I would have felt bad if others died because I hid information, but that shaggy hair would guide other students on that.

I'll get ahead of others and take all the advantages to survive in this world. I will savour all the cheats.

What is this? I'm starting to get happy.



“What is it, Shinjo-kun? Are you laughing?”

“It’s nothing. Let’s go.”

A cheer broke out from the front of the group. That shaggy hair probably lead everyone to the stair that lead to the surface.

I felt excited at the light that shone through the stairs. Monsters couldn’t go into the city ahead and even players couldn’t commit negative acts towards each other.

I put my hands in my pocket to check the time on smartphone. The time we were in the dungeon was only 3 hours.

Just in that much time, we had such a high number of casualties.

| [Main Page](#)

# Chapter 4

## The Town



*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

“Shinjo-kun, wait! Where are you going? It’s dangerous.”

“Seki, Kumiko, you guys go with everybody else.”

I looked at the stair leading to above ground and silently did a u-turn. I wanted to retrieve the contents of the treasure chests that weren’t opened. I doubted Nanami’s group would share any gems or gold they find, so I needed to get to it before they did.

Seki Midori and Kumiko following me were probably going to be a hindrance, but I'll let them be for now. Most traps were already activated and we just ran into monsters not too long ago, so I didn't expect another set of monster to pop out again.

"If you're going to follow me, do it quietly and stay behind me."

I picked up a stone and threw it towards an unopened treasure chest. The treasure chest opened with a loud "whoosh" sound. It looked as if some sort of a trap activated, but was actually harmless. Until the third floor, treasure chests had a pattern to it.

Stone bullets, poisonous needles, simply loud noise to scare people and harmless ones. The treasure chest traps only activated from one of eight different directions around the chest, so you could safely disarm the trap by minding your angle and throwing a rock at it.

"Is it alright to open the chest?"

"I wouldn't be opening it if it wasn't alright. Now, help me carry this."

Since I didn't have a backpack with me, I wouldn't be able to carry too much, but opening about five chests would suffice for now. I handed gold and gems to Seki and Kumiko after I scrounged inside the chest. They were quick to stuff their pockets with gold. Without more pockets, we couldn't carry it all.

“Let’s go to the town.”

“Yea..... this is amazing.”

Seki had a stupefied look on his face and Kumiko appeared to be trying her best to hold in her laughter.

*Why are you laughing? This isn’t a laughing matter.*

.... well, she always did have a strange personality.

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Just outside the stairway leading to the surface was “the town”. There was no other way to describe it. In the dungeon of Genocide Reality, this was the only town. It didn’t have a name either, so there was nothing else to call it other than “the town”.

So, the town looks like this from this angle.

I let out a voice of admiration while looking at the bright sunlight passing through the ceiling. It was the beautiful sight of a neat medieval European looking town built with wood and stone.

Nothing looked out of place, but anyone with sharp enough perception would have noticed that something was wrong. This town had no liveliness about it. The town didn't have a single residence about it.

There were no homes because nobody lived here. All the facilities made for adventurers were automated. It couldn't be helped because it was an older game, but there were no NPCs.

It was like a Medieval Europe themed amusement park without any staff. It was a real sight to see the town in person, but I was surprised by something else entirely.

Geno-Real was a limited 3D game, so looking up was impossible. So when I looked up to the sky, "that" surprised me.

I thought this place was above ground. But this town was surrounded with high wall that were square like a Go board, and it certainly was not on the surface.



The real surface existed far up above the walls. This town existed on the bottom of a gigantic stone dug in the shape of a pestle and there was a glass ceiling about 5-6 meters above.

I reflexively threw a rock towards the glass ceiling. The unique sound of “Duuuun” from when magic activated in Genocide Reality echoed and the rock bounced back without even scratching the ceiling.

“Wait, Shinjo-kun. What are you doing?”

“I wanted to test out if I could break that glass, but doesn’t seem possible.”

“Does that mean we can’t climb up?”

“Yea, I thought we were saved when we got to the town, but we’re still trapped.”

Right now was time for lunch, but a full moon was up. Or was full moon during lunch the norm in this world? I stared at the bright full moon in the middle of the blue sky.

I couldn’t reach the ceiling, never mind the moon. We were like birds in a cage.

If that glass couldn't be broken by magic, then leaving this place by climbing up was impossible. Only place that we could go to was the dangerous underground dungeon.

Nanami's group was discussing something in the middle of the town. Saying "there's no signal for the cellphones!" just now, shouldn't it have been obvious long ago? That shaggy hair game maniac was still repeating "This world is a game, a game world!" excitedly over and over again. Though he knew where the town would be, people didn't seem to fully trust him yet.

I was looking at him with ever increasing sense of annoyance and silently screamed 'teach them how to make a health potion already'. He finally started to show how to use magic to make the potions. People seemed to trust that shaggy hair more after seeing the effect of the potions on the wounded.

That was enough for me. I had no intention of slowing down to keep the pace with those slowpokes. I didn't plan on sticking with Nanami's group, so it was time to go solo.

Seki was looking up, so I thought he was just looking at the glass separating us from the outside world, but he was staring at the full moon with a face that looked as if he was about to cry. Maybe he was calculating the angles or the slopes of the moon.

I sneaked behind Seki and brandished a rusty knife towards him. Suddenly, the knife was stopped by some sort of invisible wall. As expected, any sort of

negative acts were forbidden in the town.

The tests were mostly over.

“Oi, Seki, don’t just stand around dozing off. Let’s go shopping.”

“Ah, wait for me, Shinjo-kun....”

Seki and Kumiko followed behind me. We headed to the General Store. We needed to buy up all the necessary items first.

“Guys, buy a backpack with the money you grabbed. Remember to buy at least 2 flasks to make potions with, though I’m going to buy 10.”

“Can we really use this for ourselves?”

“You guys earned it, you guys keep it. If I need more money, I just need to head down, so use however much you want. If you have leftovers, put them in the backpack. You can also exchange the gems for money in the shop. You can use them as equipment too, so remember not to sell all of it.”

Gems from the dungeons could be used as substitute in place of mana potions. The king of jewelry, diamonds, could be used for any kind of magic when turned into mana source. Red ruby was for mage type magic and blue sapphire was for monk type magic. Green emeralds gave temporary resistance status boost like poison resistance. There was a considerable advantage from just knowing what each gems did.

For topaz... even I, who was one of the three people who wrote a walkthrough for Genocide Reality in Japan, didn't know its effects. I ran several English websites through a web translator, but there weren't any mentions there either. Maybe it had a hidden effect, maybe it did nothing after all. Genocide Reality had lots of items that didn't have any effects to give a sense of realism.

Also, peridot, which was cheaper compared to other gems, temporarily slowed the thirst and hunger gauge from going up. Also, Lapis Lazuli had a temporary intelligence boost. They were easy to get your hands on, so I decided to sell it all except a handful for emergency.

I was going to search the labyrinth, so I bought some ropes and other detection items as extra. The backpacks sold in the General Store were light and durable. Overall weight didn't change, but it felt much lighter than carrying around things by hands.

"I'm hungry..."

"Say, Shinjo-kun. About that..."



At the end of where Seki was pointing, there was a familiar red sign with a “M” emblem. It was a McBurger. Even in the US, McBurger was popular. This town looked Medieval from a glance, but there were several parodies like this store in Geno-Real.

“I’ll get the “Thank You” set.”

“When’s that even from?”

Well, it couldn't be helped since it was an old game. The counter looked like a

typical McBurger, but there weren't any cashiers. It was just a vending machine that you needed to press the buttons for. I picked the Thank You set, but every combo cost a single coin. I felt they set the price half-assedly, but took my burger, fries and a drink.

"Delicious. It tastes like the old McBurger before the quality started dropping."

"Shinjo-kun, you should stop pretending like you know how things tasted back then. Plus, it says it's made with 100% orc meat on the wrapper..."

It tasted like real beef anyways, so I didn't care much about it. It was all the same in the stomach. I shoved the salty fries into my mouth while sipping away at the iced coffee.

"Well, since we're in town, let's go to the inn."

"Eh? I was thinking more about taking a break (at the love hotel) with Wataru-kun."

I was talking to Seki, but Kumiko interrupted. She acted like this every time such a topic came up, so I ignored her.

“There’s an inn, so let’s take a break. We need to take a shower too.”

“You’re right.”

Both Seki and I were sticky with orc blood and green goblin blood. I didn’t know if it was because Kumiko used a spear or she’s just agile, but her sailor uniform barely had any stains on it.

She was a girl, but she fought better than I thought. She evaded all the attacks while fighting. Maybe she had an agility based job.

“Well, that’s the inn.”

“Wow-it’s amazing!”

It was a medieval themed town and all the shop had a sign so you could reasonably guess what that store was for. But inside, all the order menus had Japanese written on it, so maybe it was the Japanese translated version.

Geno-Real had minor difference depending on version or language, so I needed to pay attention to that as well.

“It’s like a love hotel.”

Kumiko said something stupid and I almost sprayed out the coffee I was drinking. The medieval themed building with red roof could have looked like a love hotel, but it wasn’t something that a person with common sense would say out loud.

Though I say that, the interior and the way you picked the room from a panel with pictures of the rooms resembled most love hotels. It was the inn’s fault for having that kind of layout, but how did Kumiko know about love hotels?

“Kumiko.... don’t you think you know too much about love hotels? It’s starting to creep me out.”

“What.... I never went in myself. I just saw it on the TV from dramas!!”

She was a slut, so you never knew after all. She pretends to be pure, but what kind of drama was she watching to have love hotels come out of it?

The fact Kumiko claimed she was a virgin every time was questionable, too. The more the girl pretended she was pure, more suspicious they were. If unicorns were in Geno-Real, I could find out easily.



“Well, seems like Royal Suite room can fit 6 people, so just one room would be enough.”

“Eeeh!! Co-ed is dangerous!”

Seki screamed flabbergasted. From the picture, there were 6 separate beds and it should be fine as long as we took turns going into the washroom.

“It’s more perverted to think about that kind of stuff.”

“Uh-uuh... I guess...”

We weren’t tight on money, but it was not good to waste it by getting multiple rooms either. Plus, I wanted to know what the most expensive room looked like on the inside as well.

“Say, Wataru-kun. Can I bring a couple others?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

Even though Seki was here, I didn't want to get attacked by Kumiko while using the same room. Kumiko was conscious of others so she didn't turn into a slut while others were watching. It was better to have other people around.

I wondered who Kumiko would bring. She brought the gentle and calm looking big breasted girl, Saeki Ena and short bob cut Tachibana Mio. They introduced themselves back in front of the class.... or rather, Kumiko introduced them. They were all in Class A, so they must be her friends.

Their head hung low and they came over to me for a casual greeting. They didn't look as healthy as when we first met and had an empty look in their eyes. They had lost their friend through a bloody arrow through the skull. It was natural to be down after seeing your friend die right in front of you.

I hope it didn't become a trauma.

"Wataru-kun, I want them be able to take a break, too."

"Of course. Then let's go in."

A key came out after I inserted the gold coins into the love hotel-esque panel and pressed the button. I suppose everything else was up to us after this. I wondered about the making of the beds in case of extended stay, but now

wasn't the time to worry about something like that.

Since clicking a button in front of the bed in game was enough to let you rest, I hoped it was something convenient like that.

I went deep inside the hotel and opened Room 30. It was really like a hotel room.

It felt a bit small for a top notch Royal Suite room, but there was cream-coloured carpet that was soft enough to bury your feet. There were 6 beds with clean sheets and snacks and drinks on a large table with six chairs.

I picked up one of the snack. They were carefully crafted bamkintong (cracker made by mashing chestnut and beans) inside a dried persimmon. I overflowed with questions like "Was there chestnut and persimmon tree in Geno-Real" or "who made these". There were so many things that didn't make sense.

Inside the closet, there were six sets of underwear and night gowns prepared as well. It was top notch for taking a rest. Definitely a suite worth 30 gold coins.

"The building looked small from the outside, but it's actually pretty nice."

“Maybe they made the room by digging out the walls, but there’s something else, too.”

For some reason, there was a wide open beach and the sky just outside the window. It was a liberating ocean-view. From the outside, it was a simple inn made of stones. This interior didn’t make sense, so I decided to check something out.

“Wait, Shinjo-kun, what are you doing?”

“Something like this.”

I smacked the window with the battle axe, but only my hands hurt. It wasn’t hard, but it felt futile, like hitting a rock with a sponge. Was this an indestructible object? Maybe the glass on the ceiling was similar to this. Perhaps the ocean was just a projection.

“There’s a faint scent of the ocean.”

“Maybe it’s olfactory hallucination.”

Since it was Fantasy RPG world with magic in it, this kind of layout wasn’t so

strange. It was possible for the ocean to be just beyond that window. Whether it was just an illusion or a reality didn't matter.

What's important was that we physically couldn't leave.

I didn't know about the others, but I didn't plan on leaving in the first place. I welcomed this confinement. I preferred indoors gaming than outdoors anyways. I just wanted to enjoy this underground dungeon since I had no regrets about the real world.

"Wait, Wataru-kun. Why are you trying to go into the bath first?"

"What. I paid for it."

"Ladies first, Wataru-kun. Though if you want, we could go in together later."

Kumiko smiled mischievously while Saeki and Tachibana smiled with visible exhaustion on their face. Their eyes looked blank no matter how many times I looked at them. I didn't care much for Kumiko's stupid jokes, but the girls did look exhausted. She was putting it jokingly, but was asking me to let them rest first.

“Then you girls take your time. I’ll get you girls some clothes while you girls are in there.”

“Don’t try to peek in while saying an excuse like that. Though it’s ok when it’s just me in there.”

“Yea, yea, keep yapping.”

“Wait, what about me....”

Seki was shirking over in a corner as if he was interrupting something. *You could have sat down drinking a tea or something...*

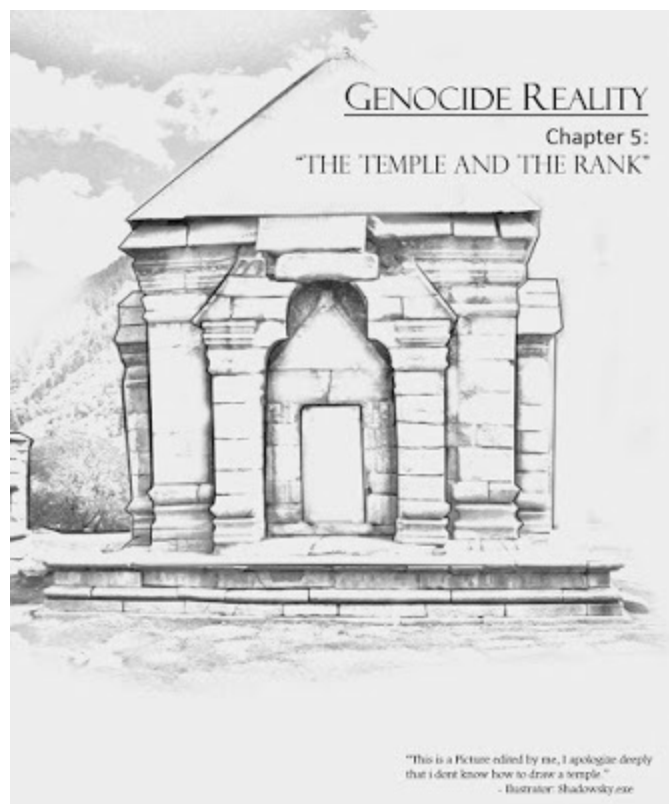
“Well, then you want to come shopping with me?”

“Yea, sure!”

I locked the door as I left. It was a luxurious room, but there was no auto-lock feature. It was truly a weird system. I guess it couldn’t be helped since it’s an old game.

# Chapter 5

## The Temple and the Rank



*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

“Let’s drop by the temple for a bit.”

“A temple?”

“Yea, you can find out your job at the temple like the one over there.”

Even if you wanted to buy a gear, it differed depending on your job. Though,

for armour there were only leather armours for selection.

“So I just touch this?”



In the middle of the tiny temple made of stone was a large slab of granite. Once Seki touched it, something rippled across the surface of the stone and formed letters.

Seki Midori

Age 16

Job: Priest

Warrior Rank: Newbie

Acrobat Rank: Newbie

Monk Rank: Novice

Mage Rank: Newbie

Seki seemed to be a priest. It was one of lower end jobs, but wasn't bad either.



Since it was easy to train for the Warrior Rank, it was better to start with lots of mana than not. For the weapons, blunt damage weapons like hammer would be perfect for him.

I extended my hand to check as well.

Shinjo Wataru

Age: 16

Job: Middle Fighter

Warrior Rank: Apprentice

Acrobat Rank: Newbie

Monk Rank: Newbie

Mage Rank: Newbie

Middle Fighter for myself. It was a low end job, but not bad in terms of balance. What really worried me was the fact I had zero rank related to magic. I took out a flask and prayed with all my heart while chanting “[Lo Den (Beginner: Stamina)]”. It was the spell to make the simplest recovery potion.

“Phew, lucky.”

There were a couple of drops of brownish water in the flask. I seem to possess a miniscule amount of mana at the least. If I had mana, no matter how little it was, I could use gems to supplement myself while growing my mana pool.

There were occasions where Middle Fighters or Heavy Fighters started out with no mana whatsoever. Compared to that, I was lucky. If you started out with zero mana, there was no other way to raise it up other than by wearing mana-giving gears and levelling it up.

Since those kinds of amulets didn't exist in the shop, you would generally need to use a mage's wand, which warriors had no proficiency for, while fighting. It was a pain in the ass to switch gear and wait for mana to recover every time, which would waste huge amount of time at the start.

"Eh, Shinjo-kun, what's that?"

"Ah, this? It's recovery magic. If you repeat after what's written on this scroll, recovery potions will appear inside the flask. What I just made was Stamina Potion. It recovers stamina just like the name implies."

I gave the scroll I just bought from the General Store to Seki. I actually bought them to just cover my ass and already knew all the spells. Well, it didn't matter whether I knew all the spells if I didn't have enough mana. They would fail if I didn't have sufficient rank in the first place. I would just need to slowly progress forward.

"[Lo Lis (Beginner: Health)]. Whoah! A blue liquid really formed in the flask!"

“Yea, that’s the health potion. You can rank up your mage skills by successfully using magic like that.”

The ranks were: Newbie, Novice, Apprentice, Journeyman, Craftsman, Artisan and Adept and so forth. The rank above Artisan was Master. Master lead to Expert and Lore Master, but it took large amount of time to reach those ranks, so there was no need to explain it for now. If you wanted to just clear the game, levelling your ranks to Expert was enough.

Thus, everything above that was for your own enjoyment. That was what Genocide Reality was like. It was an extremely difficult games with lots of limiting factors, but a warrior could train on mage rankings and be the master of all trades.

So, it was possible for a player to rank up everything about your character to become the ultimate char and do a solo-adventure. No, it should be said it was a game that encouraged solo-adventures.

The genius game creator who made Genocide Reality was the mysterious “Road Knight”. He was the masked creator who loved being alone. He used such a ridiculous nickname and avoided doing any interview.

It’s my personal theory that he made the game so he could go into a cold and damp stony dungeon by himself and play for all eternity. For me, who was so absorbed into Geno-Real that I made a walkthrough website for the game, Road

Knight was my idol. I almost felt like I understood him.

In exchange for food and shelter from my parents, I went to schools I didn't want to go and did things I didn't want to do. It was an 18 year sentence until graduation from high school. I would endure until I could do things by myself. My only escape was the game.

Now, I was liberated from the gloomy existence of everyday life and had the possibility to spend my life in the game. I was beyond thrilled.

It didn't matter how or why I was transported here. I was freed from the chains that bound me. This murderous world that I love, I could live freely by myself in this game world.

"Say, Shinjo-kun. Let's go shopping."

"Right, right. We need to buy some clothes and gears."

I was going to go on a trip soon. Without anything to hold me down, I will descend into the dark labyrinth, but for the one who was the only bright point in my dark student-life, I was going to take care of my only friend. The very minimum I could do for Seki was to teach him the tricks and ways to survive in this world.

“For armour, hard leather armour for everyone in the group and the same for the pants and shirts. Let’s grab some leather knee protectors and boots, as well.”

Inside the Armour Shop, there didn’t seem to be any sizes. It seemed to make a statement “you adapt to the armour, not the other way”. I was afraid what the girls might say, but we bought 5 sets either way. We equipped ours and tied the girls’ armour around our bodies with a rope. Next was the weapons.

“For weapons, a samurai blade for myself, a holy mace for you, Seki and since Kumiko said she likes spears, a long spear for her.”

I thought about buying weapons for that gigantic breast glasses, Saeki and bob cut, Tachibana, but the loads were heavy enough already. Since we were low ranks, we couldn’t move if the load was too heavy. It was also a pain in the ass to come back for another trip, so I’d just give them some money and they could buy whatever they wanted.

“I should at least buy a “Screamer Shark” though.”

It was a heavy blade that was about crushing with weights than cutting. It was the worst kind of weapon, but there was a reason why I bought it.

“It’s so big and shaped so weirdly.”

“Hold it for a moment, Seki.”

“Is this thing good?”

“It’s the most primitive, dull and heaviest weapon in the shop. Haha, don’t make that kind of face. It might be a trash weapon, but it has its uses.”

I’ll explain to him later. When Seki and I returned to the inn with all the stuff, the girls had finished their bath. They weren’t naked and were properly wearing the white gowns.... probably with underwear on beneath the robes.

What should I say though, the smell of girls after a shower was irresistibly sweet. I didn’t have any plans to attack them, but I could understand why Seki was hesitant to share a room at first.

Despite wearing those thin gowns, the smell that wafted over from their wet hair, the provocative way their breasts pressed against their clothing, and their thin and stretched out legs were hard to take your eyes away from for a young man.

It was best not to think about them. I didn't want to get tied down to a girl I knew nothing about and it would only pile on problems.

In situations like this, if you were nice to a girl and kept her safe, something good might come your way later. However, I will leave that to guys who were good at those sort of things. I was awkward around girls and an interesting adventure (game) was more attractive for me than any cute girls.

"You guys can use the bath now."

"Alright. I'll leave your gear here. There's enough for everyone, so take your time. I don't need the money either, so take as much as you want."

"You're loaded, Wataru-kun."

"I only bought everything I needed. Carrying around useless money is just a burden. Since you guys are going to stay in the town, you can never have enough money."

That was how it was. Money was necessary to live in the town. It was safe here, but you couldn't stay indefinitely either. You needed to at least earn what you could on the first floor.

What was that shaggy hair otaku's name... The best outcome was him giving everybody a walkthrough. Well, I suppose what happens to others really isn't my business.

"Say, Shinjo-kun, I wanted to ask this for a while."

"What's that, Seki?"

"You seem to know a lot about this world, Shinjo-kun."

"Ah, what was this world like... Genocide Reality. It's the same as that world that shaggy hair mentioned..."

"Mikagami Ryuji-kun?"

"Yea, I heard Mikagami Ryuji said something like that back in the classroom before we got teleported."

Mikagami Ryuji. He had such a cool name. He was the one who was advertising that he knew all about this world, so I'll just blame him for everything.

"I guess since we're in the same class."



“Yea, you’re not the only one I talk to, you know.”

I lied.... Even in Class F, I was isolated and didn’t talk to anybody other than Seki. I was in the same class as shaggy hair, but we never talked to each other. There was not even an occasion where one of my classmates had come to me to talk, so I didn’t know anybody in the class.

I only recalled that shaggy hair was in the same class after Seki had mentioned it. Besides Seki, everybody else was boring.

Or maybe I mistakenly thought they were boring. That shaggy hair was a retro gamer just like me. It would have been good to have spoken for a bit. Maybe we would have been on the same frequency and talked about other retro games. It wasn’t anything new, but it was me who didn’t try to make any friends.

“Well, Seki, let’s go in.”

“Eh..... alright.”

Seki went into the changing room, but didn’t take off his clothes nor tried to come into the bath. We were both guys, he didn’t need to be so embarrassed.

“Oi, Seki, take your clothes off...”

“Don’t look over here. You go ahead first.”

There was no use in waiting for him, so I went into the bathroom first. This bath was an unbelievably luxury. To think it was attached to a room meant for six people.

The bath was made out of a hollowed out rock, and beyond the windows you could see the ocean. We were just in time for sunset, so the view was amazing.

“Haa— this is the life.”

I would have preferred for the bedroom to be this large, but a large bath wasn’t bad either. I could feel all the stress and fatigue melt away while watching the sunset from the rock bath.

I wanted to go for the adventure after a quick shower, but taking a break was a good decision. It was a view that made me think that it would be a good idea to come back to enjoy the bath when I was tired after adventures.

“Wow, this bath is amazing!”

Seki came into the room while covering himself with a towel. I wanted to tell him not to let the towel get soaked with water, but it didn't matter since we were the last ones who would use this.

“You guys are going to be strapped for money soon, so you might need to put up with cheaper rooms after this.”

“Wataru-kun isn't going to stay in the town?”

Seki put on a serious face and looked at me with a lonely expression. Maybe he knew that I was going to go solo even if I didn't tell him.

“I'm planning to go down lower by myself.”

“Isn't it dangerous? I should go with you.”

He was a true friend despite being so scared of the dungeon.

“No, it's alright. I'll come back with lots of money, Seki. When you're stronger, maybe I'll get some help from you.”

“If this is a game world, I just need to level up, right?”

That would have been the case for a normal game, but Genocide Reality was different.

“I’ll teach you how to train yourself tomorrow.”

“Mm, okay.....”

When I stood up to wash myself, Seki quickly turned his face. He was blushing. Was he embarrassed after looking at a man’s body... No, that surely wasn’t the case.



Seki was cute and small with a gender neutral face and a slender shoulder line. He really looked like a cute bishoujo and it felt weird. Frankly, appearance wise, Seki was more attractive than Kumiko. I wasn't gay and had no plan to jump on a man, but...

NO! I was not interested in a man.

"Aren't you in there for too long? Come out and help me scrub, Seki."

“No, no. I’m going to be in here for a bit longer. You go on ahead.”

Why was he so embarrassed? This was a rare opportunity for a man talk. I washed myself down quickly before coming back into the tub.

Seki went to clean himself after I came back, so I tried to peek at him.

Hmm....

“I can’t believe you have one down there.”

I muttered regretfully and Seki quickly covered himself with a towel while blushing. Even his embarrassed screech was unbelievably cute. How regretful.

“Kyaaa— what do you mean by ‘have one down there’!”

What do you mean “what do I mean”? It’s exactly as it sounds. If Seki turned out to be a girl, it would have been a happy ending. But this wasn’t a light novel, so not everything worked out in my favour.

I was hoping things had magically turned into a fantasy RPG and miracles were going to happen for me, but reality was harsh.

“It means you’re a man...”

“Shinjo-kun, next time you say something like that, we’re not going to be friends anymore!”

I apologized to Seki who was genuinely angry and went back to enjoying the rock bath while looking at the scenery.

Feeling refreshed by the long relaxation period, I came out of the bath.

| [Main Page](#) |

# Chapter 6

## Relationship with Kujo Kumiko

*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

**Illustrator: On Vacation**

When I came out of the bath, everyone was sleeping all across the room. They've been through a lot today and were exhausted.

It was night, even in the world which laid outside the curtains. I poured myself a cup of water before taking out my smartphone. It was a little over 7:30 PM.

There was still no signal, but the time seemed to be in sync with how it was in the real world. I looked around the walls for outlets, but didn't find any as I had expected. Pretty soon, I won't be able to use my smartphone anymore.

I turned off my smartphone and put it back in my backpack. This would probably be the last time I would turn it on again.

I could feel fatigue washing over me as I drank the glass of water.

"Guess I should go to sleep."



I snuggled up on an empty bed, but after a while someone snuck inside my quilt. There was no-one who would do this besides Kumiko.

“I’m sorry I woke you.”

“Any person would have woken up. What is it? I’m tired.”

“Don’t boys get more active in their lower regions as they get more tired?”

“Where do you come up with these ideas?”

There was no helping that delusional slut. She was probably going to say she read it in a magazine. I didn’t need to hear about how a magazine for teens had erotic articles in it.

“Say, do you want to do it?”

As she said that, I could feel Kumiko taking off her gown inside the quilt. I stopped her by grabbing her hands before she could take off her bra.

“Stop it. Not in a situation like this.”

“Shouldn’t you be saying we should do it in a situation like this?”

She chuckled in my ears as she took off my clothing. Kumiko had already taken her bra off. The sensation of her soft skin and the sweet scent of her hair brought back memories.

It was the first time I hugged Kumiko. A story from over three months ago.

It was around the end of May, back when I had just enrolled into high school. I was pissed off and sick of the classes that I didn't want to attend, so I was sleeping in the Special Ed classroom in the old building.

The old building which had been in use until last year, was planned to be demolished soon. It was being used as a storage area for the most part and nobody ever came around. It even had an old sofa lying around, so it was the perfect place to skip out on the classes.

The way the dust glistened in the sunlight through the window gave the room a serene feeling as if time had stopped. I could momentarily get away from everything annoying about the world.

Suddenly I could hear the door open and I rolled out of sight to take a peek. I had no intention of peeping nor eavesdropping on them, but it was inevitable.

It was Nanami Shuichi and Kujo Kumiko. There was no way model students from Class A would come here to slack off like me. They were in the first grade, but were still in the student council, so they could be excused from classes if there were any special school activities. I thought they were here because of that.

“Nanami-kun, please go out with me.”

I almost burst out laughing while trying my best to stay hidden. I never

expected to bear witness to the scene of confession between two popular people....

“Is that what you wanted to talk about? If you mean as in for us to be in a relationship, I’m sorry, but I can’t go out with you.”

She was shot down. Really harshly, too.

I pressed down on my mouth with my hands and bit my hands in an attempt to suppress my explosive laughter.

Kumiko probably never thought she would get rejected. She had a blank face as if her soul had left her body. Nanami Shuichi was known for being handsome across the entire school, but Kumiko was a beautiful girl on the same level as him.

They were model students who were both in the Student Council and competed to be the top ranking student in the first grade. There was no other perfect couple that were as made for each other than those two. There were even rumors that they were already going out.

Nanami Shuichi spoke out that harsh rejection “I have someone else I like, so I can’t go out with you” as if he had said it hundred times before. Kumiko turned her face looking as if she couldn’t comprehend, and finally tears started dripping from her eyes.

Why did a nice guy like Nanami Shuichi leave Kumiko in there and just took off by himself that day? And why did someone like me, who thinks that being friends with others as nothing but a pain in the ass decided to

comfort her?

Thinking back on it now, it could only be described as fickleness of the heart.

I think I was touched by the scene of Kumiko crying silently all alone in an abandoned classroom. A beautiful girl like that getting shot down so mercilessly was a scene that you might only see once in a lifetime.

Even a bystander like me was shocked. I could imagine how the person who's actually experiencing it was feeling. I couldn't help but smile at the fact Kumiko got rejected, but felt sorry and wanted to console her.

While I was secretly watching her, the shaking of her shoulders became more intense. Her beautiful tears flowed and eventually, she broke out into a wail.

“Uwwwwwwaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!”

It was my first time seeing someone on the ground crying. My heart sank at the sight of a girl who competed for first place in the school on the ground with tears flowing out along with snot, while pounding away at the ground with her fist.

I couldn't explain it, but something changed within me.

That must have been it. I was planning on hiding until she went away, but I came out as if I was possessed.

“Hey.”

“Sniffle.... what do you want?”

“Hey” was a bad choice of words. I knew it.

Kumiko’s eyes, even while crying and squinting at me looked big enough to suck me right in.

“What do you mean what do I want...”

“How long have you been there.... Did you hear all of it?”

Kumiko stood up with a stagger, took out a silk handkerchief from her breast pocket and blew her nose into it. Her ears were all red, probably from embarrassment. She was trying to fix herself up the best she could, but she was too flustered to do a proper job. The normally sharp model student Kumiko looked like a mess.

There was some guilt that I shouldn’t be seeing her in this kind of state, but I think it worked out well in the end. If she was embarrassed, she wouldn’t have the time to wallow in sadness. It was better for her to be angry at me than to cry alone.

I wanted to comfort her to best of my abilities and this was all I could come up with. I didn’t want to see Kumiko cry anymore, so I taunted her.

“Yea, I saw everrrrryyyy~thing. The scene of a model student getting rejected is more hilarious than I thought.”

“So you were listening from the start! Kyaaaaa!!!”

Kumiko screamed out and rushed up to me. She grabbed my collar and pulled to look face to face. Her eyes, swollen and bloodshot from crying, glared at me.

I buckled back a little at her immense force. This was a girl who was shocked just after getting rejected by a boy she liked. There was no telling what this girl would do in a fit of hysteria.

She was small, but it was dangerous if she acted impulsively. It was a mistake to have fanned the flames.

“No, no, wait. I’ll keep this a secret. I won’t tell anyone.”

“So you’re planning on blackmailing me to do all kinds of dirty things to me in this decrypt classroom while threatening me with the secret. You lowlife.”

It was an unreasonable assumption. It was dangerous if she went around spreading rumors about how I was planning on attacking her.

“No, no! Don’t misunderstand, I just wanted to comfort you.”

“Hee-so your plan was to try to pick up a poor girl who just got rejected by playing the nice guy. That’s such an obvious method. So you were trying to

do all kinds of dirty things with me like that! You pervert.”

She grabbed me by my hair and shook me around. Her situation was unfortunate, but the way she interpreted everything started to annoy me.

“Oi, why do you keep making me out to be some kind of villain? I’m sorry for overhearing it, but it was an accident.”

“How convenient for you to have just accidentally witnessed the worst moment of my life. I don’t know what kind of person you are, but the perfect life I’ve lived up until now is over. It’s O. V. E. R. I don’t even care about what happens now, ah ha ha.”

She spat out her words, took her hands off of me and leaned on me with all her weight. Was she planning to pull some kind of wrestling move and grab me by the waist? I had no clue what to do. What’s wrong with this woman? What about her is like an “ojou-sama”? Her mental instability was scary.

“Oi, what are you doing?”

“Ah-ha-ha, ‘comfort me’? How laughable. You probably just wanted to soothe me with some cheap words just to get in my pants. I’m not a bad woman, so have you been targetting me for a while? Well, now you have a chance. You don’t need to do anything so annoying, I’ll let you do it right now. Nobody’ll come around this time, so you can do it quickly.”

What was she talking about. This was getting real scary.

She was acting really, really strange.

Even if I become the bad guy, even if Kumiko blames me for everything and throws a hissy fit, if she was no longer sad, it was good enough. Since things somehow took a turn in this kind of direction, I'd play with her to her heart's content.

"Then I'll comfort you. Come over here."

"So, I'm going to get ravished on that old sofa. In a classroom in the old building... It's an unbelievable place for the first time."

After that, on the sofa with creaky spring we had incredible sex..... not. Such an absurd first time wasn't on my mind either.

I just wanted to comfort a girl who was crying. Some may call it cheap sympathy, but I just wanted to stay with her until she stopped crying. Kumiko, who was crying while burying her head onto me with her arms around my neck was a cute girl.

Her black hair was pretty and had a nice scent coming off it. Her slender and thin body was incredibly soft when you hugged her. Why did Nanami Shuichi reject such a fine woman?

Just who was this "girl I like" Nanami mentioned? There were lots of students in my school, but there were only a handful who were as pretty as Kumiko in our grade.

The most beautiful girls from first grade would be extremely popular. Like



Aoi Leona from Class D, who was a model and an idol at the same time. She would always be followed by the so called “Princess” Mayuzumi Kyouka from the reading club.

Or is it someone else from Class A? Or maybe a handsome and popular guy like Nanami was into older women and the goal was the pie in the sky, our revered Student Council President.

If it was a high-spec girl like her, it was only natural that Kumiko would lose. Even though she was pretty, Kumiko was small and flat. She could just not be Nanami’s type. I noticed that Kumiko had stopped crying and was unbuttoning my uniform while I was thinking about these things.

“Wait, what are you doing.”

“But we can’t do it while wearing clothes.”

I sighed. I didn’t mean it sexually when I said I wanted to “comfort” her. For the last time, I didn’t even have an inkling of intention to do something like that with her.

“Don’t give up on your life.”

“Something that would make me give it up happened.”

She was beyond help. She sat on me while pushing me back onto the couch and sent a sharp glare off into my direction. She brought her face close to mine and our lips met. She kissed me without any hesitation.

I couldn't resist. She even licked my lips.

".... What are you doing."

"Fu, fu, what do you mean. This is only the start."

Kumiko grabbed my lips, moistened by her saliva, and pulled upwards. It hurt. Was she trying to silence me? She chuckled as she pulled my lips around with her pale fingers.

"Stop playing around with my lips. You were crying just moments ago, what the hell."

"It was my first kiss. It wasn't bad for me. How about you?"

"Even if you ask me that."

"It was out of nowhere, so one more time."

Kumiko kissed me once again. She might have been in a hurry to surprise me once again, but this one was a failure. Our teeth clacked against each other.

Kumiko seemed embarrassed. She covered her mouth and slowly wiggled around on top of me while letting out a small breath. Even if you're a model student, if you're not used to it, you can still fail at something like kissing. I smiled bitterly. No, this wasn't the time to be smiling.

“Oi, that’s enough of that... Kujo-san.”

“We’re in a different class, but you know my name.”

“Well, you and Nanami are pretty famous.”

“Yea... you’re pretty famous, too, Shinjo Wataru-kun from Class F.”

Kumiko looked at me as if she was amused when I showed my surprise. Maybe she thought she had gotten revenge with that. I was wrong to watch the entire scene of her embarrassment after all.

I thought I had laid low in my highschool life, but to get marked out by the student council... this was a problem.

“Why does a model student from Class A know about me...”

“You come to school, but skip out on classes. You’re also known for ignoring the teachers and skipping classes. There are a lot of problem students in Class F, but there’s nobody rotten to the core like you. You’re in first year, too. There’s no way you won’t be noticed.”

I came to a high school I didn’t want to attend, so I did everything half-assed and in discontent. Even when I skip classes, I counted my attendance and didn’t do anything delinquent, but I suppose what she was saying was true. To grab the Council’s attention, this wasn’t planned at all.

“It seems that the Student Council is a very considerate organization, caring for a delinquent student and whatnot.”

“Well, the Student Council in this school oversees students as well. I’ve had personal interest in you as well. I wondered what kind of person the son of a private detective was.”

The mood turned sour as if someone poured water onto me. I complained with a sigh.

“Don’t talk about my dad.”

“Are you angry? You don’t like talking about your parents? My parents are strict, so I can understand... But how fitting. You were just as rude to eavesdrop on my embarrassing moment.”

“I said I’m sorry.”

“If you’re really sorry, then comfort me more. Be more passionate with me and make me forget.”

Kumiko kissed me repeatedly with her eyes still swollen from crying. She was a weak girl, so I could simply push her off, but I couldn’t. Kumiko seemed to have gotten used to kissing with just the lips and pushed her tongue inside my mouth.

Kumiko’s long hair touched my face and I could taste Kumiko’s saliva in my mouth. Her saliva flowed into my mouth from her tongue as if she was telling me to drink it. I even thought that maybe Kumiko’s scent would linger

on me for a while after this.

“Oi, that’s enough.”

“What, you finally want to do it?”

“No! I’m just comforting you. Anymore than this is...”

“What are you talking about, Shinjo-kun. This was my first kiss. To go this far and not go all the way is impossible.”

What was she even talking about. I didn’t plan for any of this from the start.

“You’re still not yourself. You understand me? You’ll just regret it later if you do it out of a moment’s passion.”

“So I’m being told off by even a delinquent like Shinjo-kun. Ah-ha-ha-ha, just how much lower will I fall. I was a perfect girl just until that moment.”

Kujo started sniffing again. Her eyes moistened and her bead like tears fell onto me once again. Seems like she didn’t get better when she stopped crying. Her mental instability continued.

“Calm down, Kujo.”

“I’m calm. I said I’m calm. You know I worked really hard since coming into

high school. I was even one of the top student when I came here and got into the Student Council with a recommendation. Nanami-kun was still more amazing than me. So I tried my best not to lose, but it still wasn't enough."

"Is that so. Kujo, you really don't like losing."

"Yea. I did everything perfectly up until today. So I decided if I can't win against him, I'd just go out with Nanami-kun."

"What kind of logic is that?"

"I don't know. However, everybody else pushed me on and wouldn't I have won if I became his girlfriend and made him fall for me?"

"I can't understand you one bit, but I can sympathize."

"That's something. Anyways, I was rejected.... It was another loss."

That confession for Kumiko was more about winning than about actually liking him. She tried to win by using her womanly charm against Nanami Shuichi since she couldn't win in anything against him. It wasn't something I understood, but I could sympathize with the feeling.

When a man and woman become one, they belonged to each other as well. Maybe she was aiming for that kind of fight.

In the end, Kumiko lost the battle of womanliness as well. That was probably why she said her life was over. It was an abnormal obsession for

victory, but a small part of me didn't want to outright reject that kind of thinking either.

I didn't dislike people who didn't like losing like Kumiko. Her anger is proof of the effort she put in. I'm a half-assed person, so you could say I respected people lived to the fullest.

"Well, you can try again and find something you can win against Nanami with. Maybe try confessing again."

"Mm, it's okay now. I knew it wasn't going to work out and I've lost interests in Nanami-kun now."

She was obsessed on winning against Nanami just now, but her interests suddenly disappeared.

"Well, if it works out for you."

Nanami Shuichi had something like an unapproachable aura about him. He was so perfect, he didn't seem human. There was almost an impression of him hiding his true self to act like a perfect human.

His story of having a girl he likes might be a lie too. Although he was the centre of everyone's attention, nice and kind, he still kept his distance with people.

Against a man who was as cold as air from a mountain top, a passionate woman like Kumiko got hurt every time she lost against him.

“Yea, so let’s quickly have sex.”

“Why does the conversation keep flowing that way?”

Kumiko seemed happy at my flabbergasted self. Was she making fun of me? Kumiko almost seemed to explode out in laughter but then recited something.

“The way I am, there is one place that I am not whole at.”

“.... Kojiki.”

“Hee... for a delinquent, you know your stuff.”

“Don’t say something stupid. I know Japanese mythology at the very least.”

What Kumiko said was a phrase in Kojiki creation mythology. It has some 18+ contents so I won’t go into too much detail, but it was a scene where Inazami said something about “a hollow place in my body”.

It implies inserting his protruding part to her hollow part. Thus, the gods were born from where it had gone in, and the Ooyashimanokuni, or Japanese islands, were created. Oh, and the gods who created this land, Inazagi and Inazami were siblings. This country really was messed up from the start.



“Why won’t you do it with me? Or are you trying to go for a shaming kind of roleplay? Are you trying to shame me even more?”

“I have no intentions of doing any kind of roleplay with you.”

I had no plans to create the Japanese islands with Kumiko, so I sternly refused. After all, if I think carefully, Kumiko was a really cumbersome girl.

She was not only a model student and a cute girl, but also an attractive woman with plenty of positive qualities. Her regular composed self and broken down self right then, the gap moe might have been enough for me to go with the flow and just have sex with, but I needed to be logical.

I remembered that she was from an old renown family and the princess of the Kujo clan. Amongst all the ojou-samas in the school, she was one of the most prominent one.

Nanami Shuichi was the son of the president of a company which made various sport related goods, Nanami Sports, so Kumiko’s renowned family went well with him. She was not someone fitting for me. Due to my parents line of work, I knew that if I put my hands on a girl from upper-class family like Kumiko, it would not end well. This would not end as a one time deal.

There might be other talks from her family. There were already plenty of problems in my life and I refused to add her to the list.

“Then.... you meant it?”

“I had no intention of doing anything like that with Kujo-san.”

Kumiko murmured “Ok” and finally let me go. She started following me around obsessively ever since.

I realized she was just acting the part of a pure girl, but was truly a wanton woman. She pressed me at every opportunity to sleep with her.

Kumiko started calling me “Shinjo-kun” but soon it turned into “Wataru-kun”. It was the same for me. “Kujo-san” turned into “Kunmiko-kun” in a blink of a moment.

No, beyond that, I started calling her a “virgin whore”. For some reason she was happy about it, saying “Is that a kind of roleplay?”.

It became a common occurrence for her to kiss or grope me. How did things turn out this way? I wanted to ask Kumiko how this came to be.

I wasn’t going out with Kumiko and we never crossed that line. We were lying on the same bed right now, but weren’t naked. Kumiko tried to seduce me to the point I wish she would stop, but she wanted me to cross the final line on my own will.

I knew that only too well and held out. That was how this weird relationship between Kumiko and I formed.

“Go to sleep. Now’s not the time for this kind of stuff. You know that yourself.”

“They say humans try to leave children behind the more their life's in danger.”

“Are you stupid, what kind of idiot would die while taking their time to do that sort of thing. Plus, what are you going to do if you get pregnant in this world?”

“I guess. For a love hotel to not have contraceptives, their service is off.”

Still talking about love hotels.

This was just a simple inn. Geno-Real was for all ages, so there wasn't anything like love hotels in the game.

“You can sleep beside me, but just don't bother me.”

“Something about doing it outside? You can just do it inside me.”

I gave up talking to her. I decided to just go to sleep whether Kumiko rubbed her body against me or not.

Kumiko really was a girl without a shred of common sense, and I couldn't tell what she was thinking for the life of me, but she never stopped doing anything she had set her mind to. It was up to me to resist what Kumiko was doing. The best she could do was touch me or kiss me, so I let her do whatever she wants.

“Haa. Sorry, Wataru-kun.... I'm sorry....”

Why does Kumiko apologize every time after she acts the way she wants, but I never said it out loud. She simply buried her tiny face on my chest. Soon, Kumiko's sleeping breath confirmed that she indeed fell asleep. She must have been exhausted.

It was selfish of me to be clinging to this virgin slut when I had no intention of sleeping with her, but her skin and warmth reassured me.

If I really didn't like it, I wouldn't let her touch me as she pleased either, so there was no need for an apology.

I pulled the blanket onto the sleeping Kumiko and gave into the tiredness myself. In the warm darkness, my consciousness fell asleep while listening to Kumiko's breathing and heartbeat.

| [Main Page](#)

# Chapter 7

## Mustard Dragon Invasion



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“Shinjo-kun.... Shinjo-kun!”

When I opened my eyes, Seki Midori was shaking me, trying to wake me up. It felt really good after a deep sleep.

Perhaps I felt more relieved because Kumiko was sleeping beside me. The only place that I could sleep comfortably like this was probably the inn and the town.

“Sorry to wake you, but I was in the town and there’s an emergency there!”

“What do you mean an emergency?”

The emergency Seki mentioned could only be if something abnormal happened to the town. He said Nanami Shuichi’s battlegroup armed themselves and went off to rescue the sixty students and teachers left in the classrooms.

And they came back tattered. They should already knew where the traps are and monsters shouldn’t be a big problem now. What everybody who came back said was that there was an immensely powerful monster.

“They said a dragon appeared out of nowhere.”

“A dragon....”

I had the game knowledge, so I knew that an “invasion” had happened immediately. For an invasion to start almost as soon as we were teleported, the group who stayed behind at the classrooms was not lucky at all.

One of the hallmark event in Geno-Real was an “invasion”. It was a random, but regular event that had monsters from lower floors wander up to the upper

floors.

Geno-Real had specific type of monsters that lived on each floor. For example, first floor was for pig faced orcs and tiny goblins. The second floor was populated by dog faced kobolds.

Furthermore, the orcs and kobolds had separate organization, and as if the monsters had rivalry between them, they fought every time they met each other. Thus the pigmen and dogmen lived separately on the first and second floor.

The upper floors maintained balanced between each monster factions like that, but stronger monsters come from lower floors via invasion to gobble up the weaker monsters. Any player who gets caught up in the invasion and couldn't escape invariably died as well.

If it was a dragon invasion, I suspected it could be either a Lesser Dragon from the fifth floor or a Mustard Dragon from the sixth floor.

“Did you hear what colour they were?”

“They said it was dirty reddish-brown.”

I should praise Seki who brought back important information despite being flustered, but that was not enough to go on yet. Lesser Dragons were foggy rouge in colour and Mustard Dragons were poisonous purple.

The torches in the dungeon was insufficient source of light to properly illuminate the area. It would be hard to discern between monsters in the darkness. Lesser Dragons were low-end dragons that could only use weak physical attacks, but if it were Mustard Dragons which sprayed out poison, Nanami's entire party could have been wiped out.

It was needless to say which one was more dangerous and I could only hope that it was the Lesser Dragon.

"Seki, you're not going to say you're going to help them?"

"But they asked everybody for help..."

A nice guy like him would definitely help. I shook Seki's slender shoulders and reminded him.

"Seki, you will get killed immediately if you go. One hit and you will be dead. I can tell you for certain that you are just rushing to your death."



“Then what should I do...”

You simply needed to abandon them. To run into an invasion from the get go, they were simply unlucky..... was what I was hoping to tell him, but Seki wouldn't understand.

“I'll go save them. So you... you can... make potions for me. I don't need any health potions, but make as many stamina potions as possible. You know how to make it, right?”

“Of course. I'll do anything to help you out, Shinjo-kun! But don't do anything dangerous, alright?”

I would die with just a single strike from a dragon, too. There was no reason to have any health potions in situations like that. Whether I try to run or fight, what I needed was stamina potion to keep me going.

“Of course. I always keep my safety as a priority. I'm going to scout out and if I can help them, I'll help them out. Kumiko and you three, don't follow me. You guys will just slow me down.”

My words didn't make sense. Helping them while it was dangerous. But, it seemed Kumiko and Seki understood.

They both knew that I was not the kind of person who'd risk my own life to save others. Did they really trust me or not? I couldn't help but smile bitterly.

"Seki, you're a priest, so keep making the potions. Remember to practice until you can make higher ranked ones."

"Alright."

Not only Seki, but Kumiko and the girls made the potion, too. I received ten bottles of beginner stamina potion, donned my hard leather armour, knee protectors and boots. Leather armour felt thin to be going up against a dragon, but lightness was the key. I wore my backpack and headed down to the dungeon with the samurai sword in my hand.

There were people already gathered by the staircase leading to the first underground floor. Several of the guys from Nanami's group offered to go with me, but I rejected them all. It was admirable that they were willing to go back after running away, but a large crowd was only a hindrance.

"Nanami's not here?"

"Nanami-kun's still down there...."

Is that so. If it was Nanami, he probably wouldn't have died yet... I didn't need any hindrances, but I needed baits with me who would distract the monsters.

However, my calculation told me that there were plenty of baits already down below. If they weren't already dead that is.

“Lo Light”

This was the spell for the simplest magic torch. In this game, you combined Moon Runes to invoke magic.

In the settings of Geno-Real, mana flowed via wind from the moon. The mana a body could receive and retain became the mana you could use.

Enough of the details for now. Your mana and mage rank went up by successfully casting a spell. Even with my weak mana, there was enough to use simplest light spell once.

It was still dark, but I didn't have to hold a torch, and it was a cake walk since I already knew everything about the dungeon layout. The first floor was like my own backyard. I could stroll along the floor and use the traps to kill the monsters.

There were no monsters that came out to attack in the first place, but only corpses with gigantic bite marks. The idiots probably managed to bring the dragon almost to the entrance of the stair while running away.

The orcs and goblins, which would only be a prey for the dragon, were probably shaking in the other end of the dungeon. After carefully sifting through the corpses, some were just an arm or an leg, I realized it was a mixture of human, orc and goblins remains.

It was devouring everything at a ravenous pace. Total annihilation was probably only a matter of time.

“Let’s go take a look at the classroom first!”

It was probably headed there or in the midst of attacking the classrooms. It was difficult to say whether they’d still be alive by the time we get there.

There were around sixty people left in the classrooms plus the people who split up and were going around on their own. If Nanami’s battle group added their force, we just might have enough people to take that thing down.

Lesser Dragons had several critical weakness which became apparent if you

observed them carefully. If we respond calmly, we could figure them out. Worse comes to worse, I could run back to town while it was attacking others.

However, there was no way that an untrained bunch of people would work in sync with others. There were also students left in the classrooms who barely had the strength to move. There probably weren't even that many people who could think about throwing rocks or slashing at the dragon with a sword while people around them were getting eaten.

That meant the chance of finding anyone alive was even grimmer..

They should have split up in all direction and ran. If they hid in the classroom thinking it was safe, they would have been massacred with nowhere to run to.

As we got closer to the classroom, the number of corpses increased. I feared for the worst. If they were being slowly killed one by one inside the classrooms, it would be the worst case scenario.

“Arrrrrrrgggghhh, stop, sto-ku” “It’s burning! It’s burning! Guaaaaagh” “My eyes! Eyes!!”

Just around the bend where the classrooms were located, an absolute cacophony sounded. With these screams, I could confirm that it was indeed a Mustard Dragon and not a Lesser Dragon.

Burning and eye wounds.... Definitely a poison attack.

We had the worst luck.

To think that the day I decided to start adventuring, a monster worse than the one from the fifth floor, the one from the sixth floor, 'invaded'. It wasn't impossible, but we really were unlucky.

I ran into the hallways and found the poisonous, purplish-skinned Mustard Dragon occupying the middle of the tunnel with its huge body while spraying its poisonous breath everywhere.

The Mustard Dragon's breath was modelled after mustard gas. It was a deadly chemical weapon which burned your skin and blinded you.

Fortunately, the gas flew in a straight trajectory like it did in the game. The fact that it could only attack an opponent in a straight line made it better compared to the real world chemical weapon. It could be compared to an arrow or fireball attack. You could dodge the attack by timing it right.

If poisonous gas really did pile up in underground dungeon, every single living thing would probably be wiped out. So this poisonous breath that could only

attack forward, could be seen as a sort of a magic attack. I guess Dragons really were magical creatures after all.

Leaving that aside, should I take care of this? There seemed to be people who were alive and groaning on the ground even after being hit by the gas. There should have been at least 60 people in the classroom.... were they all killed?

I felt pity for the people who were just injured by the gas rather than those who were killed by it. It was a game-like attack, but the pain was real. It made me cringe to watch them writhe in pain.

The Mustard Dragon, which was the size of a small mountain, had its back towards me, but it was dangerous to just attack it without a plan. It used its long tail to attack when struck from behind.

Needless to say, for an apprentice-level warrior like me, it would only take one hit to kill me. The Dragon was shooting its gas left and right trying to catch anyone attempting to run away while heading deeper into the hallway.

I didn't know what kind of logic process it worked on, but I could feel its malicious intent of trying to herd people into a dead end. This probably meant there were people from Class A hiding in their classroom.

Considering the Dragon's size, it wouldn't be able to fit more than its neck

through the classroom, so they could technically escape if they plan things out correctly. That didn't mean it was a simple task either and people were probably hosed down while trying to look for an opportunity to jump into the classroom.

I didn't expect the Mustard Dragon to be so intelligent. It was killing a large number of people in an efficient manner. No, to praise this kind of thing would make me one twisted bastard.

The best thing I could do was to do a U-turn right here and go back. There was no need to risk my life just to save a bunch of idiots who couldn't escape on their own. Plus, the Mustard Dragon was just too strong. Maybe if I just told Seki and his group it was too late by the time I got there....

"Everyone, the monster can't get inside the room. Split up left and right."

Nanami Shuichi's shouts could be heard from the innermost classroom. That guy. He could have ran away, but probably couldn't leave his friends behind.

I went into deep thought here. If I left Nanami to die here, annoying things would happen, simply because it was best for the surviving students to have a leader.

"I guess it can't be helped. Time to try to kill it."



My other reason was simply because it excited me to try to kill an actual dragon.. I set down all the unnecessary gear, took my samurai sword and slowly snuck towards the Mustard Dragon.

I threw a rock with all my strength.

“Get over here, you oversized lizard.”

Its mouth was far away enough from me, but a poisonous breath attack would be coming soon, so I ran towards the large clearing as fast as possible. If it was somewhere big like the clearing, I could at least dodge the breath, even if the dragon was large.

Also, my target was not its back. But its sides!



“Rooooaarr!!!”

Even when I slashed at its stomach, its hardened scales barely took any damage. However, it was probably getting annoyed at me prickling away at its stomach and turned its heavy body towards me.

“Take that!”

I matched the dragon’s movement to its side. These lower class dragons were slow. Plus, either because it was inflexible or it was too big, the Mustard Dragon couldn’t attack at its sides.

If I was wearing heavier armour, I probably wouldn't be fast enough to dodge, but what I had on was light leather armour. I also left behind anything I didn't need, so hit-and-run was the perfect strategy.

Every time I attacked, the dragon would turn to face me. I simply circled it to keep attacking its sides.

"Sides again!"

I slowly chipped away at its HP. This was the technique they called "Circling". I only needed to repeat the process, but since my attack was so low, it would take inordinate amount of time. Stamina potions were vital in recovering my tiredness

While I was circling it, Nanami must have noticed me fighting the dragon and came to help. He seemed eager to help.

"Oi, if you can, imitate me and attack with me. This thing can only attack from its tail and the head."

"Is that Shinjo Wataru-kun? Alright."

Nanami Shuichi and bunch of other guys came to help. It was a welcoming help since the time it takes to kill that thing would decrease significantly.

“I’ll keep aggroing the dragon. If you get tired, hide in the tunnel and rest for a bit, though best case scenario would be if you could make Stamina potions.”

“We don’t know how to make them.”

“It’s a spell. Take a flask and chant “Lo Den”.”

“Right, Mikagami Ryuji-kun said something like that, too.”

I tossed the empty flask I already drank from to him. You could buy new ones from the shop, but flasks were re-usable. It didn’t break when you threw it either. (There was a magic that made a bomb with the flask and it would break the flask in that case.)

It was an indirect kiss with me though. I was hoping that a girl who wasn’t fighting would be making the potions, but there was no time to explain all the details. If Nanami Shuichi was smart enough, he would give the order.

After ganging up on that scaly and hardened Mustard Dragon for a while, it

finally started trying to escape. Killing an enemy that was running away was fun, but with this dragon, even attacking from the rear was dangerous.

“This is the real deal from now on! It’s going to try to run away since it’s weakened now, but the tail will still kill you with one hit!”

“Alright!”

Humans tended to get careless towards the end. I calmed myself down with a deep breath and kept up with the dragon that was trying to run away to keep attacking its sides.

I wanted to kill it since we got this far. Whether it was due to Nanami’s leadership or not, we succeeded in bringing down the Mustard Dragon without any casualties.

“Phew, I just ran out of stamina potions, too.”

“Did... did we kill it?”

None of the potions that Seki’s group made for me were left. We refilled the bottle as much as possible so Nanami’s group was probably out of mana as well.

“Ah we did it.... Nice work everybody.”

“Shinjo Wataru-kun, thank you for helping us! You’re a brave man.”

Nanami held my hand while barely holding back his tears chock full of emotion. Yea, yea, I wasn’t going to fall for one of this tricks so I replied as cordially as possible.

Leaving that aside, the people who survived on Nanami’s side were ten guys and four, no, five girls. Anyone who was heavily injured probably won’t survive due to the poison. I wanted to believe that there were others who made it out alive...

Just with a single Mustard Dragon invasion, classrooms filled with 60 people were wiped out. It would have made me feel better if some managed to survive. I felt the despair once again. I didn’t really think about it when I was playing it on the console, but Genocide Reality really was a grim game befitting its name.

Originally, the game was designed for co-op party play between 4-6 people. So why was the title overblown as “genocide”?

I wondered why at the time, but looking at the hellish scene ahead of me now,

I could feel the reason. This was the true genocide. The reality that the game could not convey was in front of me now.

Perhaps this was what the genius creator, Road Knight had in his mind when he created Geno-Real. Was the game from 1981 simply a prophecy for our fate?

I might be trying to avoid the reality by sinking into these kind of thoughts. After every battle, which our lives depended on, was the reality that we could barely stomach.

Nanami Shuichi's group praised me as a hero, but I'm not a hero. I taught them how to make health potions and stamina potions, but Mustard Dragon's poison was too strong for the potions we could make with our current rank.

I had also run out of mana a long time ago, and couldn't do anything. The only thing I could do was watch helplessly as other students writhe around in pain and die one by one. Defeating that dragon didn't make me one bit happy.

Including the injured we couldn't save, over half the people that stayed in the classrooms died. In military terms, it was irrecoverable decimation. Total casualties were over sixty people so far. From that strange teleportation,  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the class died in a single day.

The teachers weren't very trustworthy, but they were the point of mental and

emotional support for many students. However, they were all killed as well.

Can we really survive in this place?

| [Main Page](#) |



# Chapter 8

## Rindou Kazuha



*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

A treasure chest appeared where the Mustard Dragon had collapsed. When I asked why nobody was touching, they all said they were afraid of the trap.

It seems they didn't hear about how to disarm the traps from the shaggy hair yet. Of course, anyone with Thief-related skills could disarm the traps and some magic spells could detect traps as well.

The shaggy hair was probably part of the group that ran back to the town considering that he wasn't here. Even if a Mustard Dragon dropped the chest, since it was on the first floor, there were no extravagant traps.

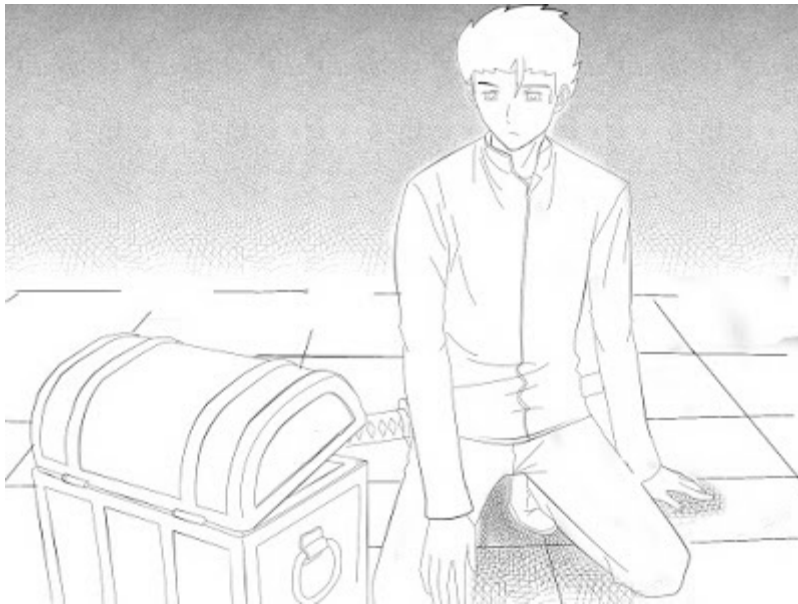
When the others had cleared out, I started tossing rocks at the treasure

chest. A dry clack sounded and the chest opened. As mentioned before, the treasure chests on the first floors had a pattern to them and could easily be safely disarmed even without any skills.

“There wasn’t even any trap.”

When I peeked in, a bag full of gold coins and “Black Steel Sword” was visible. The sword had a blue glow about it, so it could be a magic sword. The monster may have been from the sixth floor, but the treasure chest was that of the first floor. Naturally, the contents would match the quality of the first floor.

It was a better weapon than my samurai sword, but I had no interest in double-edged sword, so it was time to pass it off to someone else.



“Hey, Shinjo Wataru-kun, did you open the chest?”

“Yea, I think I opened it by accident.”

I lied through my teeth. Once they found out the chest was open, Nanami's group swarmed over. I didn't need the item nor the money, so the "Black Steel Sword" became Nanami's.

They still thrust ten golds to me as my share of the loot, so I smiled bitterly, planning to give it to Seki once I run into him. It didn't hold much value for me, but gold was invaluable for students who were planning to live in the town.

I couldn't wait to head off and explore the dungeon, but if I just wandered off right now, people would be suspicious. It seemed that Nanami's group was dedicated to nursing the students who would soon pass away due to poison up until their last moments.

Another monster may show up. It made me nervous that we were tarrying so long in a place like this, but I could read the atmosphere enough to not say something like "hurry up" to them.

There were bodies piled up from the students who were cornered by the Mustard Dragon. There was no way to cremate the body, nor was leaving them as they were an option.

So, under Nanami's commands, we had laid out a vinyl sheet in Class A to turn it into a makeshift grave. The students who took a hit from the poisonous breath had bloodshot and purplish face.

A girl who was half-eaten with part of her face missing.

A boy who was crushed by the dragon's tail to a pulp.

The expression of the corpse were all the same: of fear and pain. There was a boy who was repeating the name of one of the corpse over and over again, and there was a girl who was putting on makeup for the dead and fixing their expression. There was no doubt that the students who died had many friends. Grievance and mourning was only natural.

I decided to come out of the classroom to patrol the corridors since I had no one to grieve for. I didn't expect orcs to come around so soon after the Mustard Dragon had rampaged through, but you could never be too careful.

"Excuse me...."

While I was just training for my Acrobat proficiency by throwing rocks at the wall, a girl who had a high side ponytail came up to me. She seemed to be walking abnormally slowly, and sure enough, she was using a mop as a cane while dragging her left leg.

"What... are you hurt?"

"Eh.... no, I was like this all along."

I asked her what it was, and she said it was a problem with the knee joint and while she could walk, she couldn't run. I was surprised that such student was in the group.

There was someone who couldn't fight nor run from a monster. Meaning that Nanami's group didn't abandon someone like her even in the face of a

Mustard Dragon.

Her mood seemed to have turned darker from my questions and extended the bag she was carrying to me with “Anyways...”

The bag she handed over was filled with empty flasks.

“... Did you pick up all these yourself?”

“Yea. It’s yours, right Shinjo-san?”

She seem to have grabbed all the flasks I threw out.

They were dirt cheap in the shop and it didn’t matter if I left them all here or not. Still, it was rude to ignore a girl’s goodwill gesture, so I took the bag and shoved it in the back pack.

“Umm, I wanted to say I’m really grateful to you for helping us out.”

She bowed and her backpack whooshed around along with her hair. She was such a sincere girl.

Collecting useful looking item, having something to carry everything around with you is the right thing to do in this world. Though she couldn’t fight due to her leg, the fact she knew what role she could play made her a great asset.

“No, I just came in late. People who really helped you was Nanami’s group.”

“But if Shinjo-san didn’t come, we’d all be dead.”

“That’s not true. If it’s Vice-President Nanami, he’d have found a way.”

It wasn’t good to attract any attention, so I decided to play humble. But I really did think that Nanami, who knew exactly what to do once he saw me, would have found a way.

Nanami probably told everyone to hold out in the classrooms to protect those who couldn’t get away quick enough. If he had fought wholeheartedly, there was no doubt that Nanami’s group could have done it.

In that case, she might have been left to die as she was a hindrance, though I won’t say something so rude to the person outright. But, how did she know my name? The girl spoke as if she had guessed what I was thinking just by my expression.

“Uhh, I’m Rindou Kazuha. We were both in Class F, don’t you remember?”

“Yea, I guess. I’m sorry.”

I thought I might recall who she was, but it seemed I didn’t pay much attention to girls in the class either. Even if we were in the same class, I purposefully didn’t talk to others based on stupid reason like “no need to associate with those lesser than me”.

The only one who tried to talk with the obstinate me was Seki.

Kazuha blushed and spoke faster.

“Is... is that so... I guess Shinjo-san wouldn't be interested in someone like me. But you helped me once before.”

“Eh, really?”

“Yes! When we were picking for the class representative and they were trying to force it on me, you stood up for me and said “Don't decided it amongst yourself while ignoring her!”. I was very happy when you said it...”

“So, you didn't become the class representative thanks to me?”

I didn't remember any of it, but nice job past me.

You were usually quiet, but being a delinquent who saves girls in trouble was super cool. Guess you were a man when it came down to it.

“So you really don't remember me. I'm shocked. I've been the class representative since then after all....”



“Crap, I guess I didn’t save you after all.”

Oi, myself from the past, this ain’t quite right. If you were going to save a girl, do it right. Not that it mattered much since I didn’t remember any of it, but looking from an objective point of view, I was pretty heartless.

“But you did stand up for me, Shinjo-san. I wanted to repay your kindness for a while now, but there wasn’t any chance to talk to you. Every time I thought there was an opportunity, a pretty girl was always around you.”

Ah, Kumiko. She did turn into a stalker ever since the confession incident. The atmosphere became weird since a popular girl from Class A kept coming around Class F.

“When she wasn’t there, you were sleeping, so it was hard to try to talk to



you. Time just kept passing by, and I was worried....”

“It’s all good. Conversely, I should be the one saying sorry.”

“Don’t apologize! I just wanted to say it before I die, so I’m just glad that I got to say it.”

“What do you mean die? We just saved you.”

This place was dangerous, so her words alarmed me.

“You did, but I can’t move properly and I’ll just be a hindrance. I’d probably die soon anyways. I was just lucky that Shinjo-san was around to help.”

“Lucky?..... You...”

I felt weird at the fact she thought she was going to die so easily even after surviving through all the others death. How sad must she be under that smile? It made me wonder if Rindou Kazuha was the kind of a person who was prepared for death even with all this dire environment around her.

A regular human would think that “I will survive” as others die all around him. That kind of silly obsession won’t dissipate until the moment right before death. I was no exception, of course.

To be frank, Kazuha was right. We were in a situation that nobody knew who the next person to die would be.

I could feel the loneliness emanating from the girl who could smile while saying something brutally honest like that. I almost said something irresponsible like “I’ll help you”, so I bit down hard on my lower lip.

Oi, Shinjo Wataru-san. Just what were you thinking you were going to do to this poor girl after letting so many other students die?

There was no absolute safety in Genocide Reality. Nobody could guarantee anyone’s safety. Even a little bit of carelessness could end up activating a trap that would kill you with an arrow or a fireball.

Even right now, we didn’t know when the next invasion would happen with something like a demon or another dragon popping up somewhere. The chance would be miniscule, but if something stronger than a Mustard Dragon appeared right now, I’d abandon Kazuha and run immediately.

My life was more important than others’. I was a cold bastard like that.

Mentally speaking, it was harder to listen to Kazuha say “I’m going to die anyways” than listening to others blame me for not saving them earlier or criticize that I am a heartless person. Why would anyone think that way?

The worst was that I knew she was not sarcastic about that comment. She was truly thankful towards me from the bottom of her heart. I had forgotten about it, but I had already tried to save her once and failed.

“Ha.... how troubling.”

I let out a deep sigh, took one of the flask and chanted “Lo Lith (Beginner

Health)". Blue liquid started to pool in the flask.

"Hey, Rindou-san, can you drink this?"

"This is a healing potion, right? But I haven't been injured."

"Just drink."

"Ok...."

Rindou Kazuha held the flask with both her hands and gulped the content down. Then I touched her left leg which she had been dragging.

"Kya!"

"Try to put some strength into it and stand."

I felt her leg from the ankle to the thigh to check and confirmed that she was indeed able to use her muscle. Her left leg, which was bent until now, was straightened out.

"You're kidding... I can stand! I can walk!"

"It seems the health potion helps even with pre-existing conditions."

It was a little awkward, but Kazuha could walk without a cane. I was sort of expecting this outcome. In the dungeon, one could contract illness or other

seriously debilitating injuries. If health potion couldn't cure that, then it wasn't doing its job.

“You can make health potion by chanting “Lo Lith”. Make one as soon as you have the mana. It might not be completely cured the first time, but if you keep drinking the potion, you'll be fine.”

“Sh-Shinjo-san, I....”

Kazuha was trying to say something with her tear choked voice.

“What is it, Kazuha? It's dangerous out here.”

“Nanami-kun....”

Nanami Shuichi hurried over here. He looked different than usual. After he went over to Rindou Kazuha, he glared at me while standing in front of me.

What... It's not my fault Kazuha was crying. I definitely didn't do anything to her.

“Nanami-kun, I'm fine. Shinjo-kun helped me.”

“Kazuha, stay behind me.”

I smiled after seeing Nanami's serious face. Aaahh~ so the girl Nanami

liked was Kazuha.

Rindou Kazuha looked frail and didn't stand out. She was a modest girl who didn't wear any flashy accessories, but she didn't look bad either.

Her eyes were slightly drooped, and her moist eyes made her look very innocent and genuine. She had a bit of dark circle under her eyes, but it wasn't too bad. For sixteen year old, her chest and her ass was rather well developed. She was the type who was more cute the more you looked at her.

You needed to look at Kazuha for a while to say "Wait a minute... Isn't that girl really cute?". Even I, who was in same classroom as her, didn't notice. She could be a real hidden beauty. However, it was a bit unexpected that she was the target for the most handsome guy in the school's affection.

Nanami was easy to figure out as always. He always called everybody by their full name, but he called on Kazuha as if he was a good friend.

That was sufficient evidence that there was something going on between them. I didn't care much for making friends, but if there was a love gossip, I wanted a slice of the action.

Especially since he kicked aside the beauty Kumiko (even though she's a slut on the inside), and picked the rather plain looking Kazuha. I was bursting with curiosity.

"You guys look more friendly than I expected."

“No, no, Shinjo-kun. I’ve known Nanami-kun from long ago, that’s why he’s looking out for me.”

Hohoho~, Kazuha was blushing and looked nervous. This kind of pure reaction. There was definitely something between those two. Nanami finally seemed to have calmed down and spoke in a gentlemanly tone.

“I was in the same school with Kazuha since kindergarten. We’re childhood friends.”

A childhood friend. In other word, a strong bond. Nanami Shuichi stood beside Kazuha as if he was stuck to her and kept speaking.

“Shinjo Wataru-kun, I’m grateful that you took care of Kazuha. But she’s my precious childhood friend. I want to be the one to protect her.”

He was a cool guy.

Any girl in the school would go crazy if they heard that kind of line from Nanami.

But Rindou Kazuha was a particular girl, too. She stood with her head down as if she was saying sorry to me. An average girl would be proud of being so loved by someone like Nanami. Even though such a cool childhood friend was so devoted to her, she wasn’t cocky. That was a rare trait on its own.

She was very humble. For a cute sixteen year old girl to be this calm and collected was amazing.

Kazuha was genuine, nice and most of all, didn't try to lead around the guy who like her by the reins. She was not obsessed with "winning" or "losing" either. Compared to demanding girl like Kumiko, Kazuha's hidden traits shined even brighter.

Kumiko was the kind of a girl who walked around with aura of arrogance about herself and she wasn't the only one. I thought all girls were arrogant and cocky creatures.

Kazuha remember even small things from half a year ago and became nervous when she couldn't pay me back for it. She was a girl who was hard to run into now a days. Nanami might be weak to those kind of girls. Perhaps Kumiko had approached Nanami the wrong way.

"You guys are an unexpectedly well-matched couple."

"No, no, Shinjo-kun. I just lived near Nanami-kun's place and we're not a couple."

Kazuha swayed her head with her head still tilted down. Her sideway ponytail shook with immense force. It seemed she was denying it fervently, so maybe it was better not to poke too deep. I was interested, but there was also something fishy.

Being Nanami's girlfriend might be too much of a burden for her. Officially, Nanami didn't have any girlfriend. They might have something between them I didn't know about, so I decided to just leave it be.

I didn't want to step on a landmine and other people's problem didn't interest me.

"We're not going out together right now, but I always wanted to be a man who's fitting for Kazuha..."

Nanami let out a confession no one even asked for. It was a genuine confession. I wanted to laugh out loud. Shouldn't it be Kazuha who's trying hard?

"Vice-President Nanami, I think it's about time we get going."

I offered my suggestion. It was good to mourn the dead, but time wasn't on our side.

It was about time for the monsters, which cleared out like an avalanche, to start showing up again. The remaining survivors weren't used to fighting either, so it would be a chore to escort them all back to the town.

"Ok, Shinjo Wataru-kun. I'll get everyone together."

Nanami Shuichi grabbed Kazuha's hand and dragged her with him. Kazuha looked as if she wanted to say something to me, but since Nanami was there, I just let it be.

Human relationship was a cumbersome thing. His love issue didn't have anything to do with me.

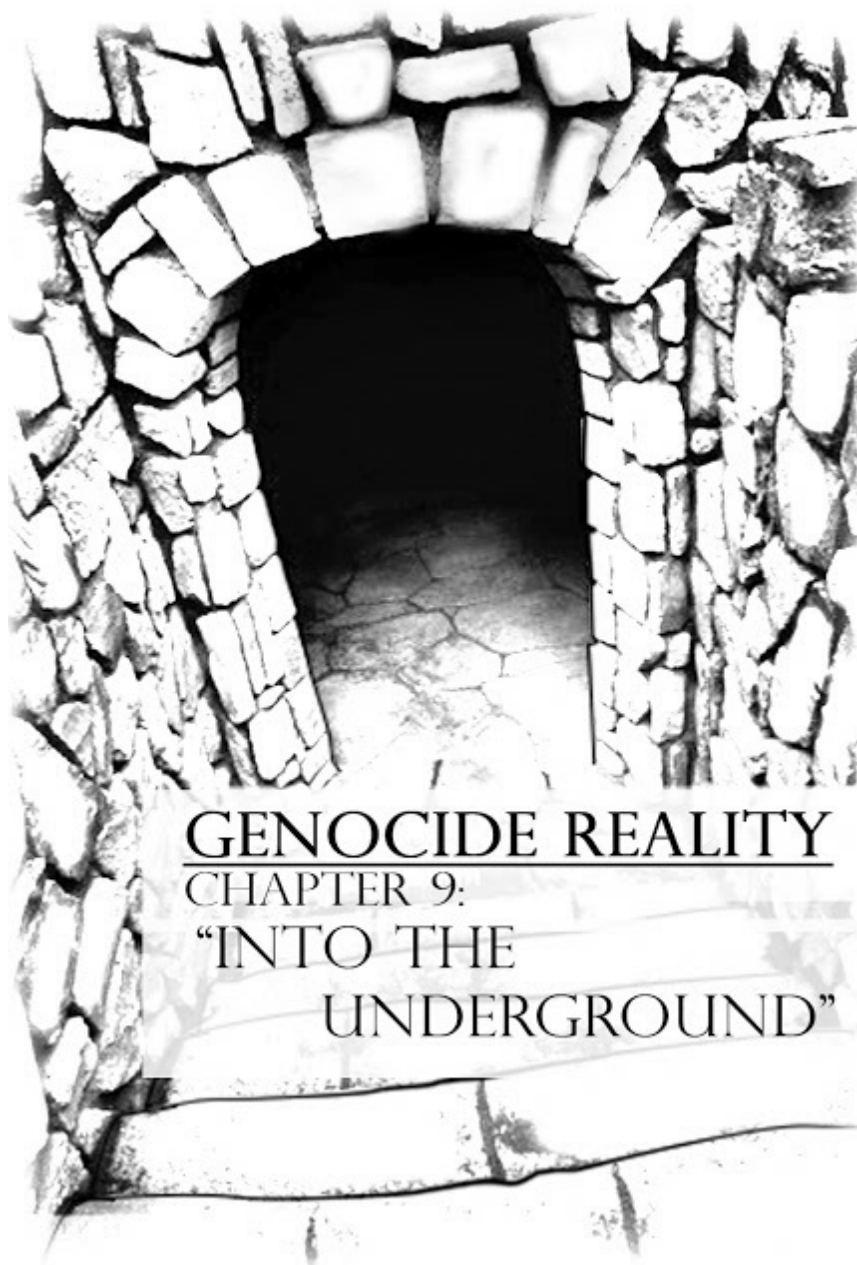


I decided to return to the town with Nanami’s group.

| [Main Page](#) |

# Chapter 9

## Into the Underground



*Translator: Rockgollem*

*Editors: Vysne, Gingery Klaus, Skythewood*

*Illustration: Shadowskyexe*

After escorting Nanami’s group to the town, I was finally free. The opportunity to do whatever I wanted had finally arrived.

“Damn, I forgot to teach Seki how to level up in this world.”

“You called?”

Kumiko had found and approached me. Behind her was the calm girl with large boobs, Saeki Ena and short bob cut, Tachibana Mio. It seemed that girls from Class A were sticking together. The amazing thing was that they were already wearing the hard leather armour I had bought.

Step right up, ladies. Since I have money in my pocket right now, I'll give it to you guys so you can buy weapons. Oi, Kumiko, go away. I already got you that long spear. Shoo, go away.

“I said Seki, not your name.”

“Seki-kun's still sleeping at the hotel.”

Was he sick again? Seki has a weak body and gets sick very easily. I had other curiosities such as “when do you need to check out by?” or “what happens if we don't leave the hotel?” so I went back to the hotel.

When I entered the suite room, Seki was on the bed with a tired face. He didn't look sick, but he was sleeping peacefully.

I touched Seki's forehead and it seemed his temperature was normal as well. After looking around carefully, there were scrolls containing information about the usage of magic and potions containing yellow and blue liquid was spread out everywhere.

"So that's it. Wake up, Seki."

Mana recovery rate increased when you were asleep. Seki probably noticed that and used mana until it depleted and then went to sleep, after which he repeated the process. It was me who told Seki to practice making potions, but it seems he was concerned with efficiency to discover this method by himself.

"Ah..... Shinjo-kun, you're ok."

"Yea, wake up. Your training method's not wrong, but it's too extreme."

If power-playing as a party, there was no need for a character to be balanced. Each person needed to master their own role and class up to Master rank. For Seki, who was a priest, that meant practicing his mage rank.

However what we're playing right now was a death game without any revival. To increase the chance of survival, I needed to teach him how to train in other areas as well.

"I can now make beginner potions without failing."

"Good job, but you need to train your body as well."

I put my hands under Seki's shirt, who was lying in bed, and touched his chest. Seki let out a strange scream that sounded like "Hyyyiiiiii" and backed away.

Seki had really white and soft skin. His skin was so soft, it was more like a girl's. While it felt good to touch, it meant he was no good in combat.

"I can tell just by touching that you barely have any muscle."

"S, sorry... I just thought that me making potions would help you more, Shinjou-kun."

"No, you've thought about helping me best you can. I'm happy that you went to such great length for me, but I only need couple agility potions."

I used basic magic successfully a couple of times, but none of my magic-related skills levelled up. Subsequently, having even the most basic stat boost potions, which I couldn't make, was going to be helpful.

“Agility potions? I'll make some right away.”

I gave Seki my empty flasks and received flasks filled with purple liquid in return. Seki was training really hardcore considering he never failed once while making those four potions.

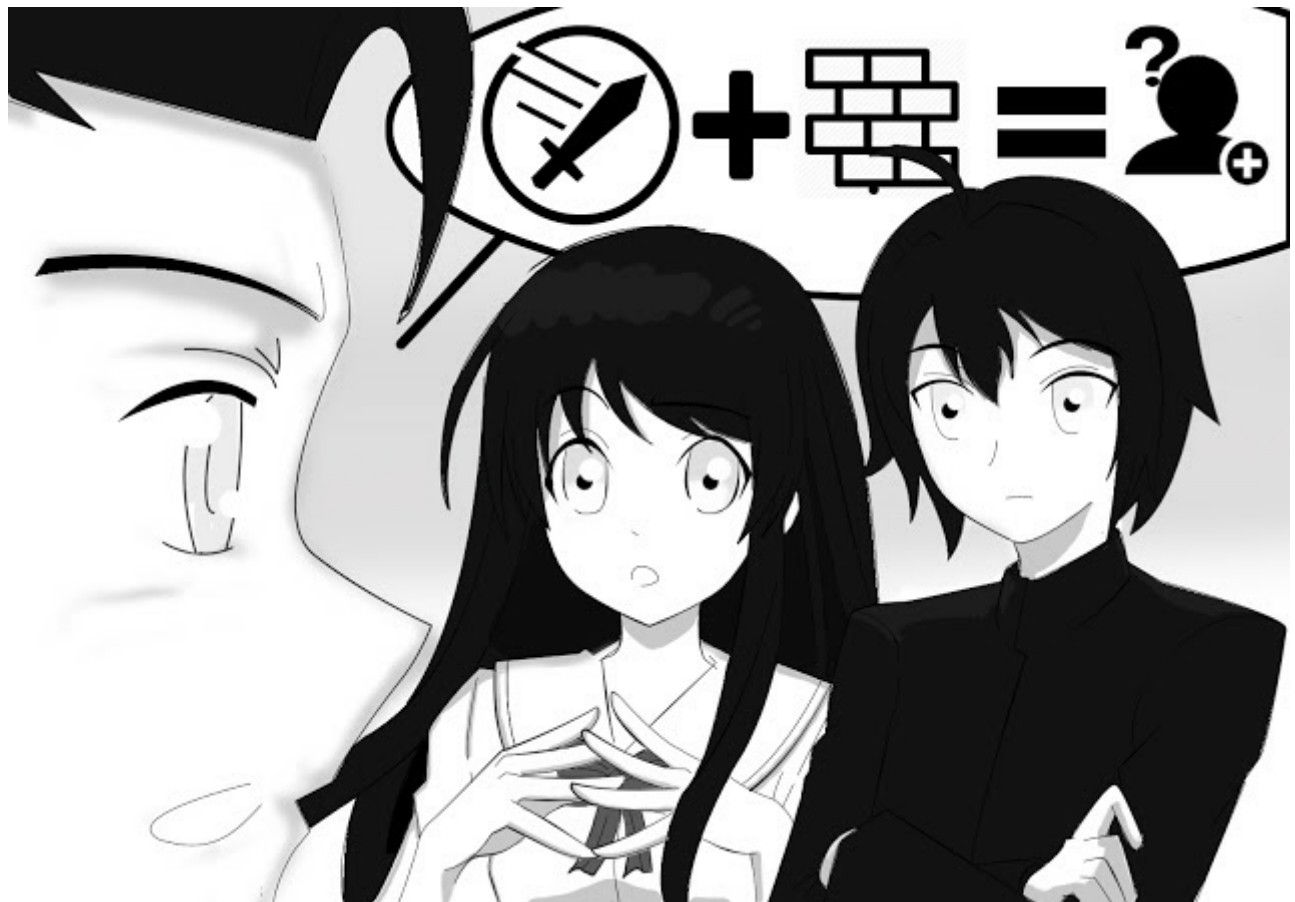
“I'll teach you how to train your physical stuffs. You can train while waiting for mana to regen.”

Expend all the mana, then train while waiting for mana to regenerate. It was the most efficient way of training. Considering the effectiveness of sleeping, it was best not to sleep until your stamina was drained as well.

I took Seki, Kumiko, and her group, who suddenly decided to follow along on their own, deep inside the workplace in the smithy. There were furnaces and anvils. Hammering noises came from somewhere despite nobody being there.

The place being a smithy was not useful in itself. What was important was that some part of the building was made with hardened steel for some reason.

“The way to rank up warrior proficiency is basically to use a weapon. You also gain experience faster if do more damage. And this, is the strongest enemy you’ll find in this town.”



I tapped at the wall made of steel. To demonstrate, I swung the Screamer Shark at the wall. With a metallic clanging sound, my hands could feel the impact and my arms felt the strain of using something so heavy.

“So that’s why Shinjo-kun bought that heavy and useless weapon...”

“The warrior proficiency is generally categorized into “pierce”, “slash”, “blunt” and “Dodge/Defend”. It’s not something you can check at the temple, but different type of attack gives you different exp points. The “blunt” type attacks with heavy weapons give you the most HP, and since a priest’s weapon is mace, it goes well with you.”

“Alright, I’ll try.”

I handed Screamer Shark off to Seki and watched him swing that massive weapon with his frail arms. His stance was weird, but everyone would be like that in the beginning. He only needed to train a bit more.

To survive, increasing HP was necessary. In the current status, where a single strike from a strong monster would be instant death, it was dangerous to explore about. I zoned out for a bit, then noticed that Kumiko had taken out throwing knives from her backpack and was throwing them against the wall.

“Say, Wataru-kun, you increase acrobat proficiency like this, right?”

“Yea, keep doing that and throwing skill will go up.”

As expected of a model student. She already understood how Geno-Real worked from what I had said. Damaging the opponent gave exp point to acrobat rank as well. Kumiko wasn’t strong to start with, so she probably wanted to focus on training agility.



“If you have enough mana, if you do doping using strength or agility potion, you’ll get stronger even faster.”

“Doping... that makes it sound like I’m not supposed to do it.”

Seki made a bitter expression. I guess it wasn’t the best word to use.

“There’s no side effects, and it’s more efficient to train by using the highest level magic you could use. Make sure you make wisdom potions regularly.”

A lot of priest’s magic revolved around making potions. One ironic thing about Geno-Real was that you relied more on potions the higher your level was.

“By the way, Kumiko... did you check out your job at the temple?”

Since she bought throwing knives, I had my guesses on what her jobs would be. Thief for example. Kumiko looked like she didn’t want to share, but she told me surprisingly easily.

“It was.... “Apprentice Ninja”.”

“What....”

She stopped me from saying it out loud by covering my mouth. Kumiko seemed rather embarrassed.

“Don’t tell others. Everybody else was something like a warrior or a mage, but I’m the only one with a job like this.”

“It’s ok, Kumiko. If you level up, you can become an “Expert Ninja” or a “Master Ninja” at the temple.”

Kumiko didn’t seem happy at all, but secretly I was very surprised. Kumiko’s job, Apprentice Ninja, was something you could only get by ranking up multiple times from a thief. It was one of the best starting job you could have.

Apprentice Ninja had the lockpicking skill of a thief, yet was still stronger than a warrior. It seemed that eastern titles, such as ninja or samurai were considered exotic by the American creator, so such jobs generally tended to be very strong.

Apprentice Ninja was truly something that people would remake their character over thousand times for (There were actually macro tools to do something like this). I wondered how lucky Kumiko was, but it was better to be lucky in this world than not.

“So make sure you guys train until it’s safe for you to start exploring the dungeon. I’ll be out scouting around and be back in a bit.”

I already taught them all they needed to know. There was no more regret. I left everybody behind and headed underground. I said “be back in a bit”, but truthfully, didn’t know if I’d ever be back.

I felt hungry so I dropped by the burger shop for a bit. It may be junk food, but it’s still a food. I thought about bringing some with me, but it was going to be extra weight. I was weak, so I needed to be agile.

“Well, time to go.”

My mana was barely enough to use the “torch” and warrior rank was apprentice, thanks to the encounter with Mustard Dragon earlier. However, it was time to take on a boss.

Thanks to the Mustard Dragon, there were considerably fewer goblins and orcs in the dungeon. The enemies on the first floor moved around the floor traps, so I killed them one by one. Sometimes there were orcs that wasn’t agile enough to move around the trap, and I smiled whenever that happened.

I opened any treasures chests I could find, but took only the gems and left the gold there. Diamond, ruby and sapphire could be used in place of mana potion,

so I constantly made stamina potion to train my magic as well.

I also used Emerald, peridot, lapis lazuli to gain poison resistance, reduce hunger and tiredness to forge forward. After repeating the steps for a while, I finally arrived at the boss' room.

“Time to use the agility potion.”

I thanked Seki while drinking all the agility potions and kicked open the flimsy wooden door to invade the Orc Lord's room. I picked up a stone and chucked it into the room, and a monster came rushing out as expected.

“KUAAAHHH!!!”

With a bestial roar, an Orc Lord that was as ripped as a body builder came out with a giant hammer in one hand. It looked different than a regular orc and wore a proper full plate armour.

It was suitably intimidating enough to be called an Orc Lord.

I ran and lured it to the large room in front.

“Kuaaaahh!!”

It was angry from the rock I chucked at it, but wasn't stupid enough to walk into a floor trap. We started playing a game of “catch” around the invisible trap in the middle of the room.

“Ora ora, come and get some.”



“Kuaaah!”

Thanks to the agility potions, I was much faster than the orc. Just like how my stamina was decreasing, its stamina would be decreasing as well. I could use a potion to recover my stamina, but the Orc Lord couldn't.

The distance between us began to widen and its movement started becoming slower. I finally circled around it completely and stabbed it from behind.

"GYAAAAH!"

No matter how big you were, being stabbed in the heels was painful. I specifically aimed for the unprotected part of the body as well as to hinder its movement, but it seems my strike didn't manage to cut through to the bone.

The Orc Lord screamed out in pain and turned around to catch me. It was time to run the other way.

"What's wrong? You're too slow."

"KUAAAAH!"

I went another full circle and stabbed it in the back of the thigh this time. The steps would be repeated until the orc couldn't move anymore.

“Pant, pant.... hmph, idiot.”

“GUAHH--!!”

It took about 30 minutes for me to kill the Orc Lord. I delivered the finishing blow to its head with my samurai sword. With a singular scream and flashy noise, the Orc Lord’s head exploded while letting out a fountain of blood.

A treasure chest appeared immediately after the Orc Lord’s death, but it didn’t contain anything useful as expected. I didn’t need any gold, so I pocketed just the gems.

“Ah, I need the “Tusk of Orc Lord”, I almost forgot.”

It was sort of a proof that you had defeated the Orc Lord, boss of the first floor. Any orcs had tusks, but you didn’t just cut it off their body. The tusk was an item that you found in the treasure chest.

Since I obtained the tusk, my business on the first floor was finished. I descended down the stair to the second floor in the boss’ room.

# Chapter 10

## Becoming a Samurai



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Underground 2nd floor was an area that dog-faced kobolds ruled. It was easy to get through them because if you show them the “Orc Lord’s Tooth”, they do not attack.

The setting was that orcs and the kobolds were fighting each other. If you show the evidence that you had defeated the other side’s boss, they would consider you an ally. Conversely, if you show the orcs “Kobold Lord’s Nose”, orcs won’t attack you.

Also, to open the 3rd floor’s door, you only needed either the 1st floor or 2nd



floor boss' item. The orthodox way to clear the game was to just go straight to the 3rd floor, but I wanted to kill the Kobold Lord as well.

Before I go over to the boss' room, I went over to the room that contains monster that looked like poisonous red insect with a shell called "Rock Pain". They scuttled around the labyrinth with stones on their back and acted like hermit crabs.

"Whoah-- it's crawling with them."

I pulled one out and started punching it with my fist. I could hit it with a weapon, but the rocks would chip the sword. Even if it was a samurai sword, it would soon turn into a club.

I continued hitting the monster with all my might while thinking it's just another training. The skins on my fists were starting to peel, but healing potion would heal minor injuries like that, so I kept going. I would punch away until my fists started to bleed, use magic potion and repeat the process. I could feel the skins on my fists getting thicker as my training progressed.

I remember when I took karate lessons. I never reached the black belt because of my personality of giving up too easily. I took kendo, judo and aikido lessons as well, but gave up halfway.

Only thing I kept up was jogging in the morning. Motion of running never bored me for some reason. Perhaps because it was one of natural human motions. Only thing I retained from my martial arts classes were basic stances, blocks and other half-assed movements.

Trainings were a pain in the ass, but if it was in Geno-Real, I could bear with it. I could probably become some sort of kick-ass martial arts master at this rate. For a gamer, gaming was a joy.

I simply punched away at the slow poisonous insect that moved like a rock. My arms felt weak and were shaking, so I decided to switch it up to kicking instead. These unarmed combat practice was to raise my acrobat skill.

I struck with all my might until the skin broke, muscle felt weak and bones started to fracture. I endured the pain and simply struck, struck and struck. I continued this training that was no better than self-harming.

“Kuuh.....”

“Rock Pain” was an appropriate name for it. Its bite was poisonous, so you needed to be prepared to punch it until it died.

I could fix most injury with health potions. So I took this moment to train at an intensity that most martial artists wouldn't dare to. Even if my fingers were

broken, I would simply heal it up instantaneously.

It was not only a physical training, but training my priest rank by making stamina and healing potions. I could also heal myself against the insect's weak poison to rank up my poison resistance. This was the ideal training ground.

I simply kept on beating up the Rock Pains until I couldn't feel anything anymore and couldn't stay awake. My consciousness started fading by the time I had killed all the Rock Pains in the room. Even the bone shattering pain couldn't seem to keep me awake. My vision became blurred and legs started to shake.

"Ha.... this seems to be the limit."

I could use potions to stay awake for a bit longer, but it was better to take a rest. I decided to collapse into the room with a door that opened via a switch.

This was the much needed resting point and there was even a fresh water source. Water was necessary for all life. Geno-Real tried to kill you at every opportunity, but killing via dehydration wasn't part of the game's goal. Thus, there were places to drink water every so often.

It was probably part of the aquifer water circulating the dungeon. Needless to say, the water didn't contain any poison. I scooped up the water with flasks and kept drinking.

“Phew, I feel alive.”

The water was only lukewarm and felt a little slimy, but it couldn't taste any sweeter right now. I quenched my thirst to heart's content and simply passed out on the spot.

“Mmm....”

I felt like I had just fallen asleep when I opened my eyes. It seems I fell in such deep sleep I haven't noticed anything.

My head felt clear, like a computer that had just been formatted. I simply slept on the ground with the bag as a pillow, but it didn't feel uncomfortable. My arms and legs had become harder and the muscles were now more visible. It felt like I was in a different body.

“I probably ranked up.”

I went back to the room where I killed the Rock Pains and packed all the stones into my backpack. When I lifted up my bag, it was fairly heavy.

“Huu.... Ha-yah!”

I looked like some middle aged man hiking up a mountain, but the bag was fairly heavy as they were filled with rocks. I could feel the sturdy straps of the backpack dig into my shoulder as I took every step. It wasn't light, but I could handle the weight. I've only been training for one, or was it two days, but the results of the training was impressive.

“Haha, I can move all these rock at once.”

I went into the big room in front of the boss' room and threw my bag towards the corner of the room just beyond a trap. It crashed with large thud and a cloud of dust. Then I jumped over the trap and proceeded to dump the rocks in the backpack onto the ground. I repeated the steps of gathering the rocks and dumping them onto the corner.

I actually enjoyed these simple preparatory tasks. Every time I moved those rocks, fatigue accumulated on my shoulder and waist, but I could feel myself getting stronger every time I used a stamina potion.

Once there were small mountain of rocks in the room in front of kobold boss', I was finished with the preparation. It was time to challenge the boss. I went into the boss' room and threw a rock at the Kobold Lord with all my might.

“Wooh-!”

The Kobold Lord decided I was an enemy immediately after being hit with a stone, but didn't let out a cheap howl like the Orc Lord. It gave off a low threatening voice as it swung its Screamer Shark towards me. I avoided the blow by a dangerous margin and began running away.

The boss had similar physique as the Orc Lord, but used a Screamer Shark with a small iron shield. It was the 2nd floor's boss, so it was more difficult and agile than the Orc Lord.

I ran back into the big room and leapt over the floor trap to where I had piled up the rocks. Normally, jumping over traps were not allowed in Geno-Real.

I suppose I was cheating a bit. Whether it was designed on purpose or coincidence, this room had a small area that a character could get stuck in. The area was surrounded with floor traps, so you couldn't get to the point without items like trap avoiding ladder or ropes, but now I could simply jump over.

I definitely had an advantage over monsters that could only move in a programmed fashion. Kobold Lord tried to attack me, but couldn't move over the traps. It simply glared at me while making “Ssshik” “Ssshik” threatening noise.

In lower floors, cheating acts like jumping over traps was a huge advantage. There were many traps on the first and second floor, but if you could memorize where they were, it became a weapon of sorts.

The only things the Kobold Lord could do was just glare at me or cross the traps that would shatter its legs. I leisurely picked up a stone from the pile and threw it at the Kobold Lord.

“Eat this!”

The rock found its mark with a mighty thud. For a strong monster like Kobold Lord, it was probably like a mosquito bite. That was why I had prepared a large pile of rocks and threw one after the other with care and concentration.

My acrobat rank had probably went up while I was training with the Rock Pain-sensei, and they flew with great force. The rocks whizzed at incredible speed and all struck the Kobold Lord’s head. It seemed throwing rocks with all my force gave exp as well as I could feel the speed and precision of my rock throwing increase.

I was like a pitcher at koshien (TL Note: Japanese high school baseball national championship). No, even an ace pitcher couldn’t throw such heavy rocks in succession. Even a major league pro would probably dislocate his shoulder. Such super human strength combined with throwing skill was only possible in Geno-

Real.

“Well, in Rome, do as Romans do.”

This was a game that made you fight a dragon or a demon the size of a small mountain. To adjust to such opponents, it was only natural that you would gain super-human strengths if you trained in Geno-Real. If not, beating the dungeon was impossible.

“But it’s seriously not even trying to jump over the traps.”

It could simply run away, but the Kobold Lord simply howled while being pelted with so many rocks. Its face had already swollen up and had already taken massive damage from the direct hits to the head. It was especially focused on agility so it wore nothing but a thin cloth armour so it was bleeding everywhere.

I had thrown the rocks until my shoulders felt inflamed, and the Kobold Lord had been just standing there, getting hit.

It had tried to block with the small iron shield, but I threw the rocks in a way that the shield couldn’t block it. When it guarded the head, I threw at the legs and when it guarded the legs, I threw at the head. A single rock didn’t do much damage, but I continued to shave away its HP and the cumulated result was critical.



“I still have some rocks left, but this should be good enough.”

Thanks to the Kobold Lord’s co-operation, I could feel that I had ranked up once more. Even if it was only acrobat rank, it was still better than nothing. I refilled my HP with stamina potions and jumped over the trap with my samurai sword in hand.

“I’m here now.”

“Grrrrr!”

It made a dog’s barking sound and charged with a Screamer Shark in hand. But due to all the damages it had already taken, it moved sluggishly.

I dodged the attack with ease and delivered the finishing blow. I could hear the snap sound of its neck breaking. The sensation of cutting flesh ran up my arm and fountain of blood spurted from its neck.

“How’s that!”

“Gyyyaaaaahhh!”

Instead of my attack being strong, it was more likely that it was on the verge of death. Kobold Lord let out a death throe and collapsed on the floor. It looked dead, but I made sure by delivering another blow to its head. Its skull was crushed and brownish-pink brain splattered.

“Sigh.....”

I stabbed it in the heart for insurance again. Maybe I was a scaredy cat. Even if I entered into a fight to the death, I was still scared of fighting with strong opponents. I didn’t seem to have fully adapted to this world yet.

“Well, I suppose this is a form of training too.”

Fighting and killing... I needed to get used to it. It seemed I needed to train my heart as well. Once I rummaged through the treasure box to grab everything I needed, I could feel hunger pierce my stomach. I had drank plenty of water, but haven’t ate anything yet.

I started searching the boss’ room to look for something to eat and found a thigh meat roasting by a fire in a corner. Kobold Boss was probably planning to eat it. The only attainable meat in the second floor was from Giant Rats.

“I suppose I’ll need to get used to it since I’m living here now.”

I steeled my resolve and dug into the rat meat. It had a strong smell, but didn’t taste bad. Perhaps kobolds were better at cooking meat than I expected.

It was a feat for an empty stomach. I devoured the thigh meat until only the bones were left.

“Not enough seasonings though.”

The meat had plenty of fat on it, but there was no salt seasoning. Well, I suppose that was another thing I needed to get used to. I threw the bones aside and walked up to the door leading to the 3rd floor.

There were two grooves in the wall. If you placed either Orc Lord’s Fang or Kobold Lord’s Nose there, the door would open, but I placed both on the grooves. The door opened with heavy creaking sound along with another groove.

In the hidden groove was a scroll. I picked it up and read the content.

“So that’s how it is.”

This scroll was a rare item, “Rank Up Scroll”. It could advance your job by three tiers in lower level jobs and one tier in upper level jobs. It might look advantageous to use it now, but it was more difficult to rank up one upper level job than three lower level jobs.

Logically speaking, it was better to wait until I was higher level, but this adventure had my life on the line. Any item I could use immediately was better off being used immediately.

I picked the “Samurai Swordsman” from the list of jobs on the scroll. Once I touched on the letters with my finger, the scroll disappeared with a flash.

“Whooah!”

I ranked up through “Middle Fighter”, “Swordsman”, “Magic Swordsman” at once to become a “Samurai Swordsman”. Due to the sudden ranks ups, my heart felt like it was burning and I let out an inadvertent shout.

I was a Samurai Swordsman now. The reason I bought the samurai sword was precisely for this.

Samurai Swordsman was the lowest of the Samurai-type upper level jobs.

There were still “Expert Swordsman”, “Sword Master”, “Sword Hero” and “Sword God”.

Samurai-class gave strong bonus for using swords. Your damage multiplied if you used swords. There were also various samurai swords that were designed especially for Samurai-class, so it was a pretty sweet job.

Plus, Samurai in Geno-Real fell under Magic Swordsman category, thus you received a bonus to your priest rank and there was no need to worry about having insufficient mana. It was the best jack-of-all-trade, next to Ninja with its lock picking skills.

I swung my samurai sword as a test. With a slashing noise, there were white after effects in the path the sword had swung down on. This was the proof that its power had increased.

This was a unique skill called “Samurai Blast”. It was what’s now commonly referred as passive skill, though such words didn’t exist when Geno-Real came out.

Samurai sword was just the right length to swing without any problem in the labyrinth. Since it had a sheath, I could also carry it at my waist. It was also possible to sneak up to the enemy and draw it at the last moment to attack.

It had great overall balance and was a multi-utility weapon. There was another thing about it that I liked.

“Not bad. For a man, the sword’s the dream.”

I wanted to cut an enemy to test it out and descended down the stairs to the 3rd floor.

| [Main Page](#)